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The Week

WHO in the United States wants war with Mexico? That somebody does is evident. The sudden flood of propaganda in the press against Mexico's treatment of alien clergymen is too unanimous and violent not to come from a central source. That central source cannot conceivably be as ignorant as the editors whom it deludes, and therefore it can only be supposed that a deliberate falsification of the facts is going on for the purpose of stirring up ill-will between the people of the United States and the government of Mexico. Such ill-will can have only one logical outcome: the needless, useless, criminal folly of a war. The fact is, of course, that there is no shadow of justification for the news articles pretending that the "seizure of church property" and the expulsion of the alien priests from Mexico are sudden, unexpected and therefore brutal acts. For more than fifty years the possession of property by churches has been illegal in Mexico. The exclusion of alien clergymen is expressly required by the Constitution of 1917. The nine-year delay in bringing this clause into operation has been due to repeated efforts by successive governments to persuade the Roman Catholic Church voluntarily to withdraw the little handful of priests, mainly of Spanish birth, whom it still maintained in Mexico. Only after the utter failure of this effort to secure coöperation and after repeated and ample warning has the government enforced the clause of the Constitution. To say that the action is sudden or unexpected is a statement which only malevolence would make and ignorance repeat.

AS FOR the reasons which impelled Mexico to put this clause into the Constitution, we cannot do better than to quote from a recent letter of Arturo M. Elias, Mexican Consul General, to the New York Times. He writes:

> The reasons for this legislation are derived from the facts of Mexican history which we need not go into here, except to mention that the historical rôle of the hierarchy has been to support every attempt of foreign intervention..... The delay on the part of the government has been due to a hope that the clergy in Mexico would cease obstructionist tactics against every government program, against public schools and against the government's efforts to ameliorate the lot of the peon and city worker. Unlike the Catholic clergy in the United States, who rigidly support constituted authority and are wholly patriotic and public-spirited, the Catholic clergy in Mexico have consistently fought the constituted authorities, neglected their spiritual mission and been the uncompromising foes of all progress—spiritual, political and social.

The New Republic is willing to concede that Mexico is no doubt tactless in the frank way she has of showing her dislike of foreigners. The answer is, of course, that what she has suffered at the hands of aliens in the past two generations has not been calculated to increase her amiability. Nevertheless, it is our opinion that neither tactless treatment of clergy nor putting American capitalists on an ultimate equality with Mexican capitalists justifies our going to war. This is an attitude which, we are aware, is not shared by some other journals. The New York Herald Tribune on February 19 expressed the other view in the closing words of an editorial:

> .....Since violations of American international rights are already on record, it is extremely ill-advised on Mexico's part to keep on aggravating ill-feeling in this country by violent and untimely action against foreign clergy and religious associations.

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> The United States would deplore another clash with Mexico, involving occupation of her soil. But if another one comes, after long forbearance on our side, it can hardly end as inconclusively as did the seizure of Vera Cruz or the Pershing expedition into Chihuahua.

Does this mean annexation? If not, will the New York Herald Tribune kindly tell us what it does mean, and how else it proposes to have Mexico governed, after the war is over, in the interest of American investors?

WHY is it that administration leaders have paid so little attention to the warnings by Chairman Green of the House Ways and Means Committee and others that the tax bill—as we predicted weeks ago it would—cuts off so much revenue that a deficit is probable by 1928? In spite of repeated statements to this effect, supported by detailed figures, such experienced financiers as Secretary Mellon and Senator Smoot have made no reply except in the form of general announcements that the bill is satisfactory. It is true that 1925 was a year of greater profits and larger income than 1924, and that the bill provides for a somewhat larger yield in the second and third years of its operation than in the first. According to present estimates the cut in the fiscal year 1927 will be a little less than the surplus which the Bureau of the Budget foresaw for that year on the basis of the old rates. Yet it is also true that expenditures will almost surely be larger than those listed in the Budget, and that an industrial depression, with its inevitable effect on the yield, is likely to occur in 1926 or 1927. The real explanation of the imperturbable calm exhibited by the administration in the face of a possible deficit is, according to those in a position to know, that the framers of Republican policy prefer indirect or consumption taxes to income taxes anyway. Secretary Mellon would be happy to wipe out all income tax if he could, and to make good the deficit with a tax on sales or business turnover. He knows, however, that any such change, which would shift tax burdens from the rich to the poor, must be made by easy stages. This seems to be one of the stages.

FROM two sources come important efforts to solve the housing problem for persons of limited incomes. A group of union labor officials, most of whom are connected with the railroad brotherhoods and several of whom were instrumental in creating the first of the labor banks, have announced the organization of a company which will lend large sums of money at moderate rates of interest to build workingmen's homes. In New York state, Governor Alfred E. Smith has sent a special message to the legislature urging the enactment of a law which would involve state aid to building to an extent never before witnessed in this country. The Governor proposes that a State Housing Bank and State Housing Board shall be provided. Privately organized corporations, with dividends limited to 6 percent, will make applications to the Board in regard to specific building proposals; and if these are approved, the Bank is to lend up to two-thirds of the cost of the project. The necessary land will be acquired by condemnation proceedings; and the funds for the bank are to be acquired through the sale of tax-exempt bonds bearing a moderate rate of interest. Under this scheme, it is believed that it would be possible to provide apartments greatly superior to any now available at equivalent rates, to rent on Manhattan Island at not more than $12.50 a room a month, and for less in districts where the land values are not so inflated. Governor Smith's Republican opponents are seeking to damn the scheme by calling it "socialistic," an adjective which it hardly seems to deserve. However, why be afraid of an epithet? This is the only plan yet advanced for dealing with a situation the seriousness of which is universally admitted. We hope the State Legislature will think twice before it refuses to aid a scheme which has so many arguments in its favor and so few against.

PRIVATE operation of Muscle Shoals is likely to prevail by sheer exhaustion of Senators. Senator Norris blocked the Ford proposal by a long and arduous campaign of discussion, and in the process of doing so succeeded in convincing a goodly number of his associates that the government should retain and operate this valuable resource. The privateers thereupon retired to the silence of a Commission, whose report has somehow gone astray. They have now emerged in Congress with a concurrent resolution to ask for bids for the sale of the property. The matter has been unexpectedly shoved ahead of the discussion of foreign debt settlements and may be disposed of before this issue of the New Republic reaches our readers. The advocates of government operation have been placed in a difficult situation. Their home districts have been thoroughly propagandized against them on this matter. Many of them believe they cannot arouse public interest in the fight any more because it is an old story—it is no longer "news." They have no concrete proposal to oppose—merely a resolution to ask for bids. And next year, when the bids have come in, it will be argued cogently that the government is morally bound to accept the best. Senator Norris, who of course is indomitable and industrious in his support of what he believes to be right, no matter how small its chance of political success, will do his level best to protect the interest of the public, but most of his former allies among the Democrats will probably not venture from their tents.

A FEW weeks ago The New Republic pointed out that the Ku Klux Klan is disintegrating as a secret society, and is likely to survive, if at all, only as a political organization. Striking confirmation of this

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view is given by a careful nation-wide survey undertaken by the New York Times. While estimates in regard to an underground organization must necessarily contain a margin of error, it is significant that from every part of the country come reports of dwindling numbers and prestige. In New York, the shrinkage in members is said to be from 200,000 to 100,000; in New Jersey, from 100,000 to 60,000. One-third of Ohio's 300,000 have fallen by the wayside, and in Indiana of 200,000 who have worn the hood at one time or another only 50,000 remain. Missouri's figure of 150,000 has been cut in half, and in Oklahoma only one-fifth of a maximum membership of 90,000 is still active. In Texas there are 18,000 left out of 97,000; in Mississippi the roster has been cut from 25,000 to two-thirds of that number. Almost all the reports agree that the Klan's once powerful political influence has shrunk to virtually nothing. Politicians who, two years ago, felt forced to align themselves with it, today feel equally compelled to repudiate it. This is interesting but, as we indicated in a previous issue, by no means surprising. The Ku Klux Klan, founded by the sort of men it was, and with the policies which they put into effect, could not long survive in America.

THE League of Nations is again in the throes of one of those recurring crises which, according to the more excitable of the foreign correspondents, threaten its very existence about once a fortnight year in and year out. This time it is representation on the Council which is the centre of the storm. France is alarmed at the prospect that Germany will be elected to a permanent seat, and that she might on occasion be outvoted. Therefore she is putting forward the claims of Poland. Spain and Brazil are also demanding similar treatment for themselves. The Council, it will be remembered, at present has five permanent places. One of these is held for the United States, and the other four are occupied by the British Empire, France, Italy and Japan. It has six temporary places (the number was increased from four in 1922). The occupants are Belgium, Brazil, Czecho-Slovakia, Spain, Sweden and Uruguay. The temporary places are supposed to be rotated, more or less, among the fifty-one member nations eligible to hold them, but this theory is not extensively carried out: only China and Greece have ever held such positions in addition to the powers now represented.

IT IS doubtless true that France is uneasy about the prospect when Germany is a member of both Assembly and Council. Despite Locarno, the French are still concerned about their own security; their apprehensiveness was the main reason for the postponement of the preliminary conference on disarmament. However, that their immediate objective will be reached is unlikely. Elections to the Council, and increases in the number of either permanent or temporary places, must be made by unanimous vote. Both Great Britain and Sweden would oppose the admission of Poland. If there were no other reason, the fact that Germany would gravely resent such action when her own application for League membership is still pending, would be cause enough. Sweden is said to have the same opinion as regards the proposals of Spain and Brazil; so that the whole matter is likely to be laid on the table for an indefinite time to come.

THE more one learns about the Hungarian counterfeiting plot, the worse it looks. As our readers are aware, the forgery of French paper currency, on a large scale, was undertaken by a group of Hungarians which included many high officials of the government, the work being done in the Cartographical Institute by state employes. The purpose was two-fold: to injure France by throwing on the market large sums in counterfeit currency, and to provide money with which to finance a Fascist coup d'état in Hungary itself in order to put on the throne Archduke Albert, son of Archduke Frederick. In the current issue of The Nation (London) Robert Dell, a well informed journalist, sets forth the reasons for believing that the Fascist forgers intended also to overthrow the Austrian Republic, and set up instead a pro-Hungarian Fascist régime. He declares there is good ground for the opinion that the conspirators had similar designs in Bavaria and Rumania, and that the whole international scheme was planned with the knowledge and approval of Mussolini.

MR. DELL draws a picture of a Hungary where the aristocratic Magyars, brooding over their real and imaginary wrongs, have lost all touch with reality and common sense. He quotes Count Apponyi, the Legitimist leader, as being one of the sanest men in the country and yet as feeling that the only regrettable fact about the counterfeiting conspiracy is that it has been found out. Admiral Horthy he regards as a figurehead, the power behind the Regent being Nadrossy, the Chief of Police, himself implicated with the counterfeiters. Mr. Dell reminds us that England and France recognized the Horthy government only provisionally, on condition that a plebiscite should be held to determine what the Hungarians really want; and asks when it is to be held. He declares that Hungary is the one country where the idea of revenge against the Allies is still nursed, and points to well authenticated reports that the country is far from being disarmed, as was required by the peace treaties. Mr. Dell observes that international Fascism, working underground to produce a series of revolutions on its own behalf, is the greatest present danger to the peace of Europe. If even half of the charges he makes are true, we do not see how this statement can be disputed.

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AMONG those implicated in the forgeries is Count Teleky, president of the Hungarian branch of the Standard Oil Company, and well known in America. Suspicion having been directed at the Count because of his known friendship for several of the forgers, he has come forward with as remarkable a self-defense as we have ever heard. He admits having introduced Prince Windish-Grätz to the technician of the Cartographical Institute who subsequently executed the extraordinarily skilful counterfeits. He did so, he explains, because three years ago Prince Windish-Grätz mentioned to him the fact that he intended to print counterfeit French francs from stone. Count Teleky told him this was absurd, that photo-engraving should be used, and sent him to the expert of the Cartographical Institute. The Count now explains that he had no idea the Prince and the expert would get together and go ahead with the counterfeiting; that he relied on the expert to tell the Prince that the scheme was impossible. It sounds a little thin; and we suggest that Count Teleky be invited to join Secretary Fall's exclusive club, the motto of which is: "He gave me a black bag, but I didn't know it was loaded."

NOT long ago we had occasion to comment on the appalling cruelty with which the Bulgarian government has been hunting down communists and alleged communists, hundreds of whom have been tortured or put to death, or both, in many cases illegally. Bulgaria, of course, does not stand alone in following this course of action. From Rumania there come details of cruelty which has not even Bulgaria's shadowy excuse. Bessarabia, our readers will remember, has been a part of Rumania since 1918. During all that time, it has been under martial law, the excuse for which was the fear of an invasion from Bolshevist Russia. Martial law, always likely to be tyrannical and bloody, has rarely been more so. When some of the villagers rebelled against their treatment, several hundreds of them were imprisoned for a whole year, and tortured to extract confessions. Their actual degree of guilt is indicated by the fact that when they came at last to trial, the court had to acquit 200 out of 285. Only one was deemed sufficiently guilty to deserve a life sentence.

THIS is bad enough; but worse are the exploits of a degenerate brute, one Lieutenant Morarescu. Placed in charge of an outpost on the Dniester River, he terrorized the countryside. On slight pretext, or none, he caused men to be seized, hung head downward and beaten with bayonets. On numerous occasions, prisoners being driven along the road in chains were shot, under the plea that they "had tried to escape." Ordered not to allow anyone to cross the river from Russia, he had a habit of concealing his men on the bank, uttering no warning, and shooting down like rabbits those who attempted the passage. How many lives were sacrificed to this blood-thirsty monster no one can say; but they ran into hundreds. Yet when he was lately tried for his sins, he needed only to explain that he was "fighting off Bolshevism" when his trial was turned into a debauch of patriotic sentimentality and he and his subordinates were all triumphantly acquitted.

AFTER years of not too patient waiting, we are at last rewarded: someone in authority has finally said something intelligent about divorce. The gentleman in question is Dr. Victor C. Vaughan, chairman of the Division of Medical Sciences of the National Research Council. Doctor Vaughan, observing that the number of divorces in the United States continues to increase though the number of marriages is actually dwindling, points out that this is not by any means a necessary sign that the country is going to the dogs. The economic status of woman is vastly different from what it was two generations ago when every girl had to marry as early as possible in order to provide herself with food and lodging. Today, "instead of marrying at all costs, and as soon as possible, a girl does not marry unless she wants to. It is easy enough for her to get a job and have silk stockings and earrings all her own. The very helpless damsel is passing like the spinning-wheel and the high-boy." Similarly, a woman no longer feels compelled to continue an unhappy marital relationship because she sees no alternative. The number of women who have acquired what Sir J. M. Barrie called "the £12 look" is steadily growing; but no one can say because of this that the proportion of unsuccessful marriages is a whit larger than it ever was. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that the contrary is true.

WE suggest three hearty cheers for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which is about to conduct a big country-wide research into the high cost of funerals. While there are plenty of undertakers—beg their pardon, morticians—whose prices are reasonable, there are others. These others take advantage of the fact that persons who have just suffered a bereavement are in no mood to bargain, and get a promise to pay fantastic sums. Not infrequently, widows are persuaded to sign over their life insurance claims, after which they are lucky indeed if they ever get a penny back. There are not many varieties of two-legged animals more contemptible than those who operate in this fashion; and the honest practitioners of the trade should be the first to rejoice if the Metropolitan is able to clean up the business.

A RECENT experience of the New York World should prove illuminating to those who believe that advertisers nowadays are too sophisticated, if not too enlightened, to try the old trick of bulldozing publications by the use of their financial power. The

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World, believing that the facts about the Florida boom are interesting and important news, printed in its news columns two articles from a reliable correspondent in regard to present conditions in the realtors' paradise. These articles were not sensational but were carefully and moderately written. They corroborated the evidence of other reliable witnesses, and declared that the most feverish aspect of the boom is about to come to an end, although predicting continued prosperity and a growing population for the state. No sooner had these articles appeared than two advertisers interested in Florida cancelled orders for full-page advertisements under conditions which clearly indicated the source of their displeasure. We are glad to add that The World, instead of being intimidated, published the fact of the attempt at censorship, and went cheerfully on its way.

The Cathcart Case

THE Cathcart case reveals at once the difficulties law encounters whenever it enters the domain of morals; it also exposes the ineptitude of the immigration authorities and the confusion of the public in its judgment of law enforcement. Thus, the same newspapers which assume that law is mechanically enforced permitting of no discretion and which therefore regard Mr. Buckner's insistence on pursuing big offenders and disregarding the little fry as an essentially lawless policy, now abuse the Secretary of Labor, and we think properly, for asserting that the law gave him no choice in excluding Countess Cathcart. The public, in other words, oscillates between its desire for individualization in legal administration and its desire for universality.

These confused demands on the law are not clarified by the recent recurring defense of the Secretary of Labor as well as the Secretary of State that our exclusion laws in the Károlyi, Saklatvala and Cathcart cases were imperative, leaving no room for administrative discretion. This defense is simply not so. The classes of aliens to whom our laws deny admission are of two kinds: those that are clearly defined, like "paupers" or "persons suffering from a loathsome disease," where nothing is left to interpretation, and where the officials are called upon to ascertain merely whether the proscribed state of simple facts exists; and those that are by no means clearly defined, but on the contrary involve the application of varying moral or political standards. The Károlyis and the Cathcarts encounter exclusion through these undefined classes of aliens just because the law is so loose as to leave it to the opinion, largely, of the Secretary of Labor, whether a person belongs to a proscribed political organization or has admitted the commission of a crime involving "moral turpitude." Fortunately, the decision of the Secretary of Labor on what constitutes a "crime involving moral turpitude" is subject to court review. But, unfortunately, this merely transfers a description inherently ambiguous from adjudication by the Secretary of Labor to adjudication by the judiciary. The Cathcart case will settle the criminal quality of adultery so far as our immigration laws are concerned. Other ambiguities of the phrase, in so far as they affect questionable conduct of incoming aliens, survive so long as this provision of the law survives.

This brings us to the heart of the juristic problem presented by the Cathcart case; lawyers call it the problem of "rule versus discretion." In part, law prescribes "a fixed and definite result for a fixed and definite situation of fact." Law in this aspect means specific rules. The layman, and too often lawyers, assume that all law has the character of rule. On the contrary, a considerable body of law consists not at all of rules but of formulated standards for judgment to be applied to a myriad variety of situations. This is the law's response to the need for flexibility in human situations. It affords opportunity for discrimination, it allows for differentiating circumstances—it also gives opportunity for oppressive abuse. Therefore it is that in the criminal law the aim is toward the specific, toward narrowing the scope for individual judgment. For the same reason legislation against opinion, legislation touching "morals" is peculiarly prone to the abuse of capricious and varying judgments. Orthodoxy and heterodoxy have too large a penumbra of doubt.

Instead of enumerating a specific list of crimes the commission of which debars an entering alien, Congress in the later immigration acts excluded all aliens "who have been convicted of or admit having committed a felony or other crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude." Necessarily therefore the administrative officers and judges were compelled to set sail upon an uncharted sea of "interpretation." For the only certain thing that can be said about the phrase "crime involving moral turpitude" is that it is uncertain in meaning. Undoubtedly a considerably body of legal material is available for the attempt to construe the phrase. But this material obscures rather than illumines. "What crimes involve moral turpitude," we are told as a result of a study of the cases, "has been the subject of vast contention, extending from the view that moral turpitude inheres in every wilful breach of a criminal statute, to the position that only those crimes that present such vileness and depravity as arouses the abhorrence of all mankind are intended." Moreover, the connotation of "morality" varies with the context in which it is found. Thus, the requirement in our naturalization law that an applicant shall appear to the satisfaction of a court to have "behaved as a man of good moral character" may disqualify for citizenship a man guilty of adultery, but it does not help us to determine whether adultery is "a crime involving moral turpitude." Again, the provision in the Immigration act making it a crime to import an alien woman "for the purpose of prostitution or for any other immoral pur-

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pose" was easily enough held to cover the introduction of an alien mistress, because the context showed that the standpoint of morality was "in the matter of sexual intercourse." But this, too, gives us no light in construing the exclusion of those convicted for or admitting "crimes involving moral turpitude."

With this specific clause in the immigration laws the courts have done the best they could. But the best is bound to be unsatisfactory. They have sought to confine the term's indefiniteness within objective bounds; they have recognized that the application of the term must vary with the fluctuating standards of public opinion and so they have given it the closest possible meaning. "Moral turpitude," we are told in a leading case "is a vague term. Its meaning depends to some extent on public morals . . . a crime involves turpitude when its nature is such that it manifests on the part of its perpetrator personal depravity or baseness." And what have the courts done with this conception? They held in the famous Mylius case that Mylius, who was convicted of publishing maliciously the libel which accused the King of England of bigamy, through his alleged earlier marriage with the daughter of Admiral Culme-Seymour, was not guilty of a crime "involving moral turpitude." The ground of the decision was that criminal libel does not necessarily involve "a malignity of purpose and depravity of disposition." Will anyone be so pharisaical as to contend that adultery necessarily implies "depravity of disposition"? George Eliot is not the only case to make ridiculous such a contention. The law's whole attitude toward adultery betrays indecision and doubts. To be sure probably most of our states have statutes dealing with adultery. But not all. And those that do penalize adulterous conduct vary greatly in the estimate they place upon the crime, and the conduct that is penalized is frequently not the act of adultery. In some states it is dealt with only when it becomes a public nuisance. In all states as a practical matter criminal justice takes little note of it. The common law, as is well known, with all its harshness, wisely left adultery to the ecclesiastical courts and in latter days did not take over this branch of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. As it was put in an early South Carolina case, "it may well be questioned whether the common law has not consulted the best interests of society by leaving its punishment to the reprobation of public opinion."

But whatsoever may be the criminal character of adultery in view of American penal legislation, Countess Cathcart is not to be tested by the varying yardsticks of American penal codes. The exclusion of aliens guilty of crime came into our immigration law first in 1882, as the result of a growing belief that European criminal elements were seeking refuge in America. The Act of 1882 specifically excluded all "foreign convicts except those convicted of political offenses." Subsequent forms of this legislation, beginning with the Act of 1891, introduced the present provision limiting the ground of exclusion to "crimes of moral turpitude." The intent plainly was not to exclude every alien convicted of any offense, but to require the element of depravity or baseness as an ingredient in the excluding offense. But what was aimed at was conduct criminal in the alien's own country, and not conduct offending the moral code of the United States with all our fluctuating standards of morality. To be sure Countess Cathcart admitted adultery. But she could not have admitted a "crime involving moral turpitude," because in no country of her sojourn with the Earl of Craven, neither in England nor in South Africa, nor, we assume, in France, is adultery a crime. The case is particularly striking because the country of her continuous cohabitation was South Africa. The Roman-Dutch law centuries ago did treat adultery as a crime, and Roman-Dutch law prevails in South Africa. In 1914 the South African courts were called upon to decide whether the old law as to adultery still prevailed in the Union. The Court found that the ancient law was no longer applicable. The latest case of trial for adultery was 1756. "The civil records of the Cape Supreme Court," said Lord de Villiers, Chief Justice of South Africa and one of the great names among judges, "show that, with increasing frequency during the last century, there have been hundreds of cases of divorce on the ground of adultery, and yet none of them was followed by a criminal prosecution for adultery . . . Adultery . . . is unhappily of most frequent occurrence, and although the reports of divorce cases are daily published in the newspapers, the authorities take no notice of the offense. It has ceased to be regarded as a crime, however great the moral offense might be, and a criminal prosecution would certainly fail." Which only shows how much like New York is South Africa.

But it also proves that the admission of adultery by an incoming alien does not admit "crime," if adultery is not deemed a crime in the place of its commission. The rulings of the court in the Cathcart case will, we hope, put beyond doubt that the law covers only criminal conduct abroad and does not apply to social behavior left to private judgment, although we may have dead-letter criminal legislation against it. Otherwise the only effect of the Cathcart case will be to make lies the Open Sesame into this land of morality. But courts can give only partial relief in the situation now disclosed. Congress ought to amend the law by enumerating the specific crimes which preclude admission, and not leave so important a field of action to the caprices and stupidities of immigration authorities or to the slow and doubtful hazards of litigation. A civilized administration of the immigration laws as well as due regard for international urbanities requires that this Congress correct the loose language of its predecessors.

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Liberalism In British Politics

THE prospects of the Liberal party for survival are being seriously discussed in England —particularly by Liberals themselves. The London Nation started the discussion with the declared object of uniting British progressives of all degrees into a new party which would amount to a real merger between Liberalism and Labor. The Liberals have not by any means unanimously favored this project, but they have greeted it more hospitably than have the Labor leaders. Its friends among the Liberals admit, as Mr. Keynes does on another page of this issue, that at least two psychological changes of some importance must take place before such a coalition can rank as a practical political proposal. Its opponents in the Labor party must be convinced by the results of one or more general elections that in the absence of a coalition the Conservatives will continue to rule Great Britain indefinitely, while at the same time those Liberals who envisage the dominant issue as a conflict between capitalism and socialism will little by little secede and ally themselves with the explicitly capitalist party.

It is unlikely that the Labor party alone can obtain a majority at any time in the near future. In the next one or two general elections, the Conservatives will start with an enormous and probably a decisive advantage. A radical party with a really experimental program, such as that of British Labor, is obliged to incur risks, to threaten existing institutions, interests and means of livelihood and to arouse apprehensions to a much greater extent than did the former Liberal party, and the more numerous and consequently formidable the regular membership of the subversive party becomes, the more the Conservatives can appeal to the fears of a body of voters whose economic and moral status does so much to make fear their most liquid emotion. The Labor party may gain somewhat in the next election at the expense of the Liberals and as the result of improved organization, but the distance between its vote and a majority will still be considerable and except on rare occasions impossible to bridge.

As soon as the limits of the growth of the Labor party in its present form are demonstrated, the Labor politicians may look more favorably upon the idea of paying something for an alliance with the left wing of the Liberals, but whether at that time the proposed coalition takes place will depend upon the members of the Liberal remnant and their willingness to unite upon a single program and course of action. It is admitted that Liberalism is not increasing its popular support. In spite of the admirable traditions of the party, the able statesmen and politicians among its leaders and the failures of its opponents, its strength does not revive. It seems no longer to arouse any lively popular response. The Conservatives represent the class of Englishmen who profit by things as they are and who will consider reforms only under compulsion. The Labor party represents those Englishmen who do not profit by the present association between the owning of private property and industrial or financial management and who are seeking some practicable way of shifting the responsibility for economic control in part to the workers and in part to the consumers. The domestic political problem of the next fifty years in all industrial societies will be the adjustment of this conflict. In reference to it the Liberal party represents a mediating principle but not a popular interest or motive. It will continue to lose members to its rivals. Just as many former Liberals have already joined the Labor party, so during the next few years many more of them will follow Sir Alfred Mond into the Conservative camp. After the next general election it is doubtful whether the Liberal remnant will be numerous enough and sufficiently coherent in their point of view to be worth the price which the Labor party would have to pay for a formal coalition.

Unless we are very much mistaken, the Conservative party will during the next few years gain sufficiently at the expense of the Liberals to discount in advance the possible electoral advantage of a Liberal-Labor coalition. In a country like Great Britain, whose voters are accustomed to the two-party system and are conscious of its advantages over a government by a combination of groups, it is extremely difficult to keep a self-confessed and a dwindling minority together. The leaders of such a minority deprive themselves of office and power and its rank and file are obliged to agitate and vote without any anticipation of victory and without the satisfaction of belonging to a possible governing group. Allegiance to a memorable and worthy partisan tradition and ideal has up to date prevented the Liberals from entirely disintegrating. But a supposition that they will continue to hold together implies that large bodies of voters are capable at present of allowing loyalty to idea to determine permanently their political behavior; and we do not know of any sufficient evidence of the truth of this assumption. In all probability there will be no formal coalition between Liberalism and Labor, but at first a gradual and then a rapid falling away of the remaining Liberals from their existing allegiance.

This prediction, if it is verified, will seem to British Liberals equivalent to the utter extinction of an invaluable political tradition. They identify the future carrying power of liberalism as a philosophy with the survival of the Liberal party as an effective instrument of government. But British Liberalism, while it will have to give up valuable opportunities and responsibilities if the Liberal party disappears, will also free itself from embarrassing limitations. Liberalism is only secondarily a political doctrine. It consists essentially in the methodical search for knowledge which will contribute to the emancipation of individual and social life. The British nation had inherited from the days of feudalism, landed aristocracy and legalized privilege many barriers to

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human liberation which needed to be leveled before any radical experiments in the conscious human fulfillment could be tried, and the Liberal party was the agent which volunteered to level these barriers. It embodied the interests and voiced the outlook of the rising British middle class at a time when the interests of this class were supposed to coincide with those of the whole nation. But with the adoption of practically universal suffrage, the emancipation of Ireland, the opening of careers to people of energy and ability, and the final acceptance of sharply graduated income tax and death duties, the work which the Liberal party originally undertook was pretty well finished. Its achievement required the efforts of two generations, and in the meantime the function of government in relation to the cause of human emancipation had profoundly altered. It is less necessary than formerly to acquire the political power and to use it for the leveling of barriers and more necessary to discover and try to release in the processes of individual and social life those incentives which make positively for human liberation. Liberalism does not need another Gladstone to lead it out of the wilderness. It needs another Jeremy Bentham and another John Stuart Mill.

If British Liberals as an organized group are forced for some time to renounce political responsibilities they will have some compensations for the loss. Government is at the moment involved in an apparently hopeless jam. The western nations are groping in the twilight between two worlds, one of which is dying but is not yet dead, and the other of which is an ignorant and unruly but imaginative child. Their organs of control are weakened by grievous maladies which are the direct result of the defects and failures of their traditional economic and social practices. It will require a new system of social motivation to reach to the roots of these maladies and it is extremely doubtful at present how far, how soon and in what way human motives can be modified. Until social psychology becomes a practical art government will be largely a matter of improvising expedients with which to clear crises. We do not see why Liberals should grudge to the Conservatives the job of governing nations whose problems are as critical, as confused and as clearly traceable to essential psychological sources as those which now confront Great Britain, France and Germany. The Conservatives represent the classes which have benefited from the abuses and mistakes of the past. Yet they cannot preserve those abuses and mistakes without either taking refuge in the organized violence of dictatorship or exposing society to the danger of disastrous inter-class or interstate warfare. European governments today are obliged hastily to experiment in Locarnos, Dawes plans and coal subsidies in order to save their lives, but they are too hard pressed, worried and short-sighted to look beyond their own immediate necessities.

In these circumstances liberals as such can afford to retire from politics as a group and to differ among themselves as to which of the available political shelters they will temporarily seek. Some will join the Conservatives on the general pretext that the safety of society is threatened by the tendency to legalized violence mixed with the need of radical experimentation and that they do not propose to shirk the responsibility of saving it. Others will remain for a while at least independent of party affiliations and vote with one party or with the other according to the issues of particular elections. But the test of the liberalism of all three of these groups will turn less upon their behavior and preferences in politics than upon what they do outside of politics to advance the kind of knowledge which is indispensable to the future carrying on of the work of human liberation.

Liberalism as a philosophy of modern life is being subjected to the severest possible test. The economic and political institutions which were born as a result of the new naturalism and the new trust in human perfectibility are working poorly; and they cannot be expected to work well until the liberal philosophy with its faith in the relation between knowledge and control can discover some more effective method of forming and modifying popular conduct. Unless liberals can meet this test and transform the old liberalism into an experimental search for a trustworthy technique of human behavior, the western nations are likely to revert perhaps for several generations to some form of blind and peremptory authority. Yet if the ablest men and women who cherish the liberal ideal devote their energy to political activities that must for the present lack the needed vision, they will subtract from their ability to carry on the necessary intellectual research and reconstruction. Liberalism cannot become effective or even respectable as a creed and a program until it is regenerated as a method and a philosophy. Its followers can afford to withdraw temporarily from politics, but they cannot afford to persist in confessing, as they should in London now confess, that they lack sufficient knowledge of the process of individual and social life to carry on in existing conditions the work of liberation, to which their aspirations have dedicated them.

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The Confessions of a Shirt-Stuffer

WE are in the midst of an orgy of undressing — material and spiritual. People everywhere are doing it. The disappointed washwoman, crossed in hopeless love, sighs out her tragedy to the readers of True Stories. The great ones of the earth bare their lives for the syndicates. But all are peeling off their garments and standing in the market place in their naked souls. Now the New Republic is staging a stripping contest. Very well: I shall put aside my spiritual haberdashery.

I am a stuffer of shirts.

Perhaps you think there is no such business. Let us see.

You have of course heard of the great Crackum Q. Bunkus, the man of many titles, but chiefly known to fame as the builder of a vast industrial structure upon the apparently insubstantial but really solid foundations of hog fat and sheep suet. In short he is America's Lard King. You know what an extraordinary man he is. You know, for instance, how upon occasion he can let fly a volley of sparks about the stake of "these United States" in the controversy about the League mandate over Togoland. He bristles with informed opinion on everything. You have read his address on the control of the re-investable surplus of labor before the Academy of Political Science. You are familiar with those crisp, startling, religious epigrams flung off hot before the Associated Sunday Schools perhaps and which you have seen neatly displayed in a box at the top of page one in the Monday morning paper. Bunkus has thrilled the diners at the Chamber of Commerce monthly luncheons with biting humor distilled from the dry seeds of Congressional folly. He has set wagging the matronly heads at the Monday Morning Club with his clarion call of "Back to the Old Moralities." He is a collector of rare manuscripts, a patron of the arts, a defender of the faith, a scourge of the uplifter and an upholder of the ark of the covenant of the things that are.

Some of his old companions around the stock yards in Kansas City rub their eyes when they see his grave countenance looking out at them from the Sunday rotogravure section. Can this be the same old Crackum? The same rough and ready slaughterer who could stick a pig with the best of them in the old days?

No! It is not the same Crackum. It is something quite different. It is a finished factory product, made over, sanded, varnished, rubbed down, lacquered and waxed.

When I took hold of Bunkus he was just a large mass of perspiring flesh in a silk shirt. It was my business to remove the original crude contents of that shirt, treat them as one treats the contents of a stuffed tomato, add seasoning, salt and spices, and return them unobserved to the shirt. I had to extract the hog-slaughterer from the Bunkus waistcoat and re-stuff it with a combination of statesman, orator, humorist, philanthropist and industrial saint.

Bunkus, take my word for it, is a stuffed shirt, and I am the gentleman expert who stuffed the shirt. That's my business. There is a large and well paid fraternity in the same line. These gentlemen are nothing less than salesmen. It is their trade to sell to the people their industrial captains. You remember how some thirty years ago many of these captains were far from the good graces of our hardy but simple yeomanry. The phrase "tainted money" was invented to describe the benefactions of those misunderstood business giants. Even poor little pastors turned up their noses when a powerful millionaire put his hand out laden with cash. The money was thought to be under the curse of the processes by which it had been acquired. But all that is past. Some of these same wicked barons have been actually canonized and a grateful people, an admiring press and a loyal pulpit but wait the coming of the Grim Gatherer to break into pæans of praise and lift up monuments to the departed prophet.

Well, I am the fellow who did that—I and my brother shirt-stuffers. Of course there were other forces at work which lightened our job. But in the main we have sold the captains to their people.

How is it done? Let me describe the process by which Bunkus was recreated. First of all let me be fair to Bunkus. The chief difficulties in my way came from him. To me he was only just so much raw material which I was paid to feed into one end of my publicity machine and bring out at the other in whatever form required by the contract. Now while I was engaged by Bunkus I soon learned that my contract was not altogether with him; nor were the plans and specifications for the new model supplied by him; nor was I, in fact, wholly answerable to him. I perceived quickly enough that Bunkus, like myself, was only part of a system. For years the intolerant ruler of a great trade empire over which he had assumed a dictatorship, he had not perceived the innumerable small invasions of his despotism made here and there as the machine grew and which in the end relieved him of great gouts of his mastership. His unrestrained rule over his business was gone though he did not know it nor, indeed, could any one say quite where it had gone.

It is the fate of strong men first to build and rule great business organizations and then in turn to be ruled by them. The business grows in volume, virility, complexity. It devours the energies and talents of many minds. The man himself grows old. His digestion lags. A little sense of the futility of his quest sneaks like a rebel into his consciousness. He ruthlessly flings it out. But he plays golf a little

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more; he is lured to soft climates more easily. He lingers longer abed. Meantime other men seize hold of various functions. They acquire an indisputable authority from closer contact with and wider grasp of their separate departments. And as the business begins to demand less of the business man and more of the statesman at its head the grip of the master loosens. He is the last to learn it. He gives orders, complains he can get nothing done and then gives them up. New forces have appeared in the world and in that part of it traversed by his business. The young souls sense them, but the "old man" does not even suspect their existence.

But if he has ceased to be a mighty pilot, he continues to be a mighty name. Indeed his name is mightier than ever. The whole organization plays up that name. It acquires a sort of papal significance in the industry. It symbolizes a legend. The advertising man, the efficiency man, the plant poet, the luncheon orators weave beautiful designs about the sacred patronymic. The name of Bunkus is forever at work. It is used in ads as a guarantee of "a standard and an ideal." It is hauled forth to frighten competitors. It is signed to wall mottoes and codes of ethics and becomes the foundation of a trade philosophy. The employes all have in their libraries neatly bound volumes of the Writings of the Founder. And presently the great captain has become a wooden Buddha, sitting in majesty in the very centre of the temple, while the whole business is run by the priests.

It frequently happened, therefore, that Bunkus, not comprehending the precise course we were steering, made things a little difficult. I ought to say that many forces conspired to lead the great man into this enterprise of acquiring a character. His associates had long seen the need of it. Bunkus, of course, they saw well enough, was a diamond in the rough—but very much in the rough. He needed more statuesque proportions. It was necessary to further some big consolidation plans then forming in the organization. Besides he had been very much misunderstood. His record, in fact, was bad. He had put some of his competitors out of business very much in the same way he had dealt with the hogs in his early days as a sticker. His methods had been admirably simple and direct and his utterances equally so. There was talk of probes here and investigations there. On the whole it seemed necessary to have a better reputation at the head of the industry. Then, about the same time, Mr. Bunkus's excellent consort had by a simple calculation observed that in two years Miss Dehlia would be ready for her début. The social connections were none too good. Despite great power in trade, society hadn't heard of them. It was important to build up a satisfactory cast of characters for the coming-out party. Besides Miss Dehlia had been very much shocked to learn from an irresponsible eulogy of the great man in a daily paper that her father had once actually slaughtered pigs—put them literally to death with his own hands. That was a trying day for Mrs. Bunkus. Something had to be done to smother that story. And then the poison entered the soul of Bunkus himself when he saw an article on Dealing With the Price Cutter—A Message to the Industry, by Crackum Q. Bunkus, in the National Fat and Tallow Gazette. There was a picture of the Big Man at his desk surrounded by telephones. All that type, embodying his own autocratic views, even though the drudgery of writing it had been done by a young newspaper man, stirred something in the vast caverns of Bunkus's insides. He was an author. He had got the young reporter through Dexter Bragg, head of the Fat and Tallow National Bank, who had been using him to write his speeches for several years. After this Bunkus was ready for a little character building. And so I was engaged.

I began, of course, along the lines of least resistance. I changed Miss Dehlia's name to Delyea. Bunkus didn't like that. But Mrs. B. told me to pay no attention to him. I also perceived with a practiced eye that she had an extraordinarily good figure and beautifully formed legs. These lend themselves admirably to rotogravure reproduction. And so it was easy to get into the Sunday illustrated supplements pictures of Miss Delyea Bunkus, daughter of Crackum Q. Bunkus, in a beautiful but scant bathing suit practicing archery on the sands at Palm Beach. She photographed wonderfully in her riding habit and we got several pictures of her in an airplane which Papa Bunkus bought for her to play with and which we charged as an expense in the publicity campaign.

It was not difficult to keep the names of all the family in the paper. When a noted publisher died I lost no time in issuing and sending to the bereaved paper an appreciation by Bunkus of the great departed which got into print under effective headlines. I noticed other contributions in the same issue from gentlemen whose characters were being made over by some of my professional brothers.

When the Gazette launched a campaign against fake stock swindlers or some other form of public nuisance, Bunkus was promptly on deck with his approval, which got featured thus:

BUNKUS LAUDS GAZETTE'S
DRIVE ON STOCK SHARKS.

If the Bulletin started a fund to reward some heroic fireman, there was a picture of Bunkus, a brief approving interview and a substantial donation.

When the National Newspaper Syndicate put out a new feature entitled Favorite Dishes of Great Men, I took Miss Carrots, the editor, to lunch and got her to promise to include Bunkus. But we had to wait, as there were a number of social leaders, actors, U. S. Senators and Candidates for President already on her list. But ultimately a highly com-

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plicated version of Frankfurters and Beans by Crackum Q. Bunkus appeared.

The two ladies and their social performances got faithfully chronicled. I employed a young man, a former attaché of a daily paper's society department. He served several other ambitious families in the same way and earned a decent enough living without exhausting himself. He called Mr. Bunkus each morning over a confidential wire. The great pork fat magnate would then give him a brief account of the activities of the preceding day and the plans for the future. From this budget our social expert was able to select an item or two for use at intervals in the society columns. This was kept up and a faithful reader of those columns might have watched among the lists of guests at various functions the slow but sure approach of the Bunkus family to the drawing rooms of the elect. Thus in one, two and three line items the comings and goings of the family to Florida, to California, to Europe, to the Orient and up and down our exclusive avenues were recorded until one fine day we landed the three of them right in the centre of the reception room of the most discriminating of all the Brahmins.

All this was quite simple, rudimentary—a technique well known to our profession. The more impressive and telling blows had to be delivered in other ways. The editor of a Sunday magazine supplement promised me an interview. Accordingly a reporter was sent to Bunkus to draw him forth on the World Court. The writing man found his distinguished subject seated at his desk, his crag-like brow bent over some seemingly engrossing problem. In fact he was drawing with a pencil a mustache on the portrait of President Coolidge, in the morning Tribune. The reporter explained in detail the character of the World Court, how it is organized, how it started, what it was proposed to do, that President Coolidge was for it and Senator Borah against it. The last two particulars were definitive. Bunkus said to put him down for the court and asked why the papers kept on printing Borah's name. "All that fellow wants is publicity," explained the astute magnate. "That's why he keeps roarin' around."

The reporter was a man of discernment. He knew what was expected of him. So next Sunday an eloquent appeal for the tranquillity of our tormented globe appeared under a headline reading

LARD BARON
FLAYS FOES OF
WORLD PEACE

Of course I worked the magazines. All the financial and trade journals eagerly devoured articles on various topics which had the commanding virtue of being inexpensive—free in fact.

One monthly journal—the official apologist of business—printed an elaborate study of the tax burden borne by business, purporting to come from the pen of Bunkus, but in reality written by a well known magazine writer who got paid by Bunkus and the magazine as well. Then I got a four-column picture of my great client into that department of a daily which is facetiously dubbed by its jealous critics: "Big Butter and Egg Men At Their Desks."

Now Bunkus was ready for a real achievement story in one of the greater success magazines. To Bunkus this seemed an easy matter. His methods are always direct. He would settle with Russia by sending a few divisions to Moscow. He would put those Chinamen in their places with a couple of warships that meant business. He would end the Bolsheviki here by putting them on a ship or lining them against a wall—less of this damned tolerance and more cartridges. He would get into the coveted magazine by just going up and asking the editor: "How much?"

But it isn't done that way. These magazines have their standards. They are not the easy, venal tools of great executives seeking publicity. The big business man to them is only so much raw meat to be cooked up and served to their customers. The readers want "know how" stories and the magazine supplies them. It's good business. But we got Bunkus in nevertheless, carefully leaving out the deforming episode about killing the hogs.

Bunkus had a good voice which was employed for after-dinner addresses. I got a clever Irishman, who squeezed out a precarious existence free-lancing among dry goods and hardware magazines and who hated capitalists with all the energy of a Celtic soul, well steeped in this outlaw gin which scorches and embitters the heart. Bunkus delivered this craftsman's humorous gibes at trade luncheons and banquets. They got a special flavor from Bunkus's own dry manner which soon earned him a reputation for drollery. This was all right as long as our Irishman lasted. But he gave up the struggle against unconstitutional alcohol at a most inopportune moment, just as Bunkus was down among the speakers at an "economy dinner," at which the President himself was the chief guest. With our fountain of humor gone to his reward Bunkus's reputation for a moment seemed in peril. But I dug up a young columnist who was just coming into prominence. He supplied us at a reasonable price with an excellent little speech. It was in a happy, genial vein and drew forth the comment that age seemed to be mellowing the great lard king.

Around the board that night various great industrial and financial apostles spoke their pieces in defense of the mighty religion of business, while, perhaps, in other places, possibly in some bootlegger's hide-away, the real authors of those speeches, deeply tinctured with red, poured out the vials of their hatred upon their exalted patrons and their system.

Of course religion made an important ingredient in the draught prepared for the transmogrification of my patient. Bunkus was a religious sort of a man. He was like one who lived in a clearing in a jungle. He regarded the clearing as his and the

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jungle as God's. He admitted the jungle was mysterious, that there were strange beings there, perhaps devils. But he did not attempt to penetrate it. Yet as he grew older and saw the approach of the time when he must move into the jungle he began to have moments of religious stirrings. Then a great author wrote a book which made the whole thing perfectly clear. This man pictured Christ as a poor boy who had started out with nothing, just a small job in a carpenter shop, and had worked himself up by his own industry and ambition to be the founder of the greatest organization in the world and the model of an efficient executive. That was a spiritual language Bunkus could understand. The apostles were the members of the board of directors; Peter was President of the Corporation and Christ was Chairman of the Board. He bought several hundred copies of the book and distributed them among his department heads. He gave liberally to all church movements, endowed the Bunkus Bay in the Great Cathedral, patronized the Y. M. C. A. and even gave to the Knights of Columbus.

By this time the man had been "born again." He was ready for sainthood in our American calendar. And best of all he is an American product—not a product of our soil or of our schools, but a product of that noblest of all American professions—the Fraternity of the Shirt Stuffers—who are peopling our Valhalla with a noble company of handmade and fictitious celebrities.

(This is the second in a series of anonymous confessions, in which men and women in various occupations will give their spiritual or professional autobiographies. The first article, A Reviewer's Confession, appeared in our issue of Feb. 3. Another will be published soon.

While Mr. Bunkus in the Confession of a Shirtstuffer is of course a fictitious character, the New Republic can vouch for the essential verity of the narrative.)

Liberalism and Labor in England

THE future relations between the Liberal party and the Labor party have been the subject of very lively discussion in England during the past few weeks—brought to a head by the defection of Sir Alfred Mond to the Conservative side. So far, however, as the leaders are concerned on either side, we are not yet much enlightened. Mr. Lloyd George has let it be known that, on terms, he would not decline a working arrangement between the two parties; and Mr. Snowden that he, also on terms, would welcome it. But Lord Oxford—perhaps wisely—has avoided the issue for the present by merely observing that no conversations have occurred as yet; and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is also uncommitted. Perhaps it may interest readers of the New Republic to hear a little of the reactions to the present situation in British politics of one who reckons himself a Liberal of the extreme left.

I do not wish to live under a Conservative government for the next twenty years. I believe that the progressive forces of Great Britain are hopelessly divided between the Liberal party and the Labor party. I do not believe that the Liberal party will win *one-third* of the seats in the House of Commons in any probable or foreseeable circumstances. Unless in course of time the mistakes of the Conservative government produce an economic catastrophe—which is not impossible—I do not believe that the Labor party will win *one-half* of the seats in the House of Commons. Yet it is not desirable that the Labor party should depend for their chances of office on the occurrence of a national misfortune; for this will only strengthen the influence of the party of catastrophe which is already an important element in their ranks. As things are now, we have nothing to look forward to except a continuance of Conservative governments, not merely until they have made mistakes in the tolerable degree which would have caused a swing of the pendulum in former days, but until their mistakes have mounted up to the height of a disaster. I do not like this choice of alternatives.

That is the practical political problem which confronts all those, in whichever party they are ranged, who want to see progressive principles put into effect, and believe that too long a delay may find the country confronted with extreme alternatives.

The conventional retort by Labor orators is to call upon Liberals to close down their own party and to come over. Now it is evident that the virtual extinction of the Liberal party is a practical possibility to be reckoned with. A time may come when anyone in active politics will have only two choices before him and not three. But I believe that it would be bad politics and bad behavior to promote this end; and that it is good politics and good behavior to resist it.

Good politics to resist it, because the progressive cause in the constituencies would be weakened, and not strengthened, by the disappearance of the Liberal party. There are many sections of the country, and many classes of voters, which for many years to come will never vote Labor in numbers, or with enthusiasm sufficient for victory; but which will readily vote Liberal as soon as the weather changes. Labor leaders who deny this are not looking at the facts of politics with unclouded eyes.

Good behavior to resist it, because most present-day active Liberals, whilst ready on occasion to vote Labor and to act with Labor, would not feel com-

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fortable or sincere or in place as full members of the Labor party. Take my own case. I am sure that I am less conservative in my inclinations than the average Labor voter; I fancy that I have played in my mind with the possibilities of greater social changes than come within the present philosophies of, let us say, Mr. Sidney Webb, Mr. Thomas, or Mr. Wheatley. The Republic of my imagination lies on the extreme left of celestial space. Yet—all the same—I feel that my true home, so long as they offer a roof and a floor, is still with the Liberals.

Why, though fallen upon such evil days, does the tradition of Liberalism hold so much attraction? The British Labor party contains three elements. There are the *Trade-Unionists,* once the oppressed, now the tyrants, whose selfish and sectional pretensions need to be bravely opposed. There are the advocates of the methods of violence and sudden change, by an abuse of language called *Communists,* who are committed by their creed to produce evil that good may come, and, since they dare not concoct disaster openly, are forced to play with plot and subterfuge. There are the *Socialists* who believe that the economic foundations of modern society are evil, yet might be good.

The company and conversation of this third element, whom I have called Socialists, many Liberals today would not find uncongenial. But we cannot march with them until we know along what path, and toward what goal, they mean to move. I do not believe that their historic creed of State Socialism, and its newer gloss of Guild Socialism, now interest them much more than they interest us. These doctrines no longer inspire anyone. Constructive thinkers in the Labor party, and constructive thinkers in the Liberal party, are trying to replace them with something better and more serviceable. The notions on both sides are a bit foggy as yet, but there is much sympathy between them, and a similar tendency of ideas. I believe that the two sections will become more and more friends and colleagues in construction as time goes on. But the progressive Liberal has this great advantage. He can work out his policies without having to do lip-service to Trade-Unionist tyrannies, to the beauties of the class war, or to doctrinaire State Socialism—in none of which he believes.

In the realm of practical politics two things must happen—both of which are likely. There must be one more general election to disillusion Labor optimists as to the measure of their political strength standing by themselves. But equally on the Liberal side there must be a certain change. The Liberal party is divided between those who, if the choice be forced upon them, would vote Conservative, and those who, in the same circumstances, would vote Labor. Historically, and on grounds of past service, each section has an equal claim to call itself Liberal. Nevertheless, I think that it would be for the health of the party if all those who believe, with Mr. Winston Churchill and Sir Alfred Mond, that the coming political struggle is best described as Capitalism versus Socialism, and, thinking in these terms, mean to die in the last ditch for Capitalism, were to leave us. The brains and character of the Conservative party have always been recruited from Liberals, and we must not grudge them the excellent material with which, in accordance with our historic mission, we are now preserving them from intellectual starvation. It is much better that the Conservative party should be run by honest and intelligent ex-Liberals, who have grown too old and tough for us, than by Die-hards. Possibly the Liberal party cannot serve the state any better than by supplying Conservative governments with Cabinets, and Labor governments with ideas.

At any rate, I sympathize with Labor in rejecting the idea of coöperation with a party which included, until the other day, Mr. Churchill and Sir Alfred Mond, and still contains several of the same kidney. But this difficulty is rapidly solving itself. When it is solved, the relations between Liberalism and Labor, at Westminster and in the constituencies, will, without any compacts, bargains or formalities, become much more nearly what some of us would like them to be.

It is right and proper that the Conservative party should be recruited from the Liberals of the previous generation. But there is no place in the world for a Liberal party which is merely the home of out-of-date or watery Labor men. The Liberal party should be not less progressive than Labor, not less open to new ideas, not behindhand in constructing the new world. I do not believe that Liberalism will ever again be a great party machine in the way in which Conservatism and Labor are great party machines. But it may play, nevertheless, the predominant part in molding the future. Great changes will not be carried out except with the active aid of Labor. But they will not be sound or enduring unless they have first satisfied the criticism and precaution of Liberals. A certain coolness of temper, such as Lord Oxford has, seems to me at the same time peculiarly *Liberal* in flavor, and also a much nobler and more desirable and more valuable political possession and endowment than sentimental ardors.

The political problem of mankind is to combine three things: economic efficiency, social justice, and individual liberty. The first needs criticism, precaution and technical knowledge; the second, an unselfish and enthusiastic spirit, which loves the ordinary man; the third, tolerance, breadth, appreciation of the excellencies of variety and independence, which prefers above everything to give unhindered opportunity to the exceptional and to the aspiring. The second ingredient is the best possession of the great party of the proletariat. But the first and third require the qualities of the party which, by its traditions and ancient sympathies, has been the home of economic individualism and social liberty.

London. JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES.

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The Man with His Home in a Rock: Paul Robeson

PAUL ROBESON is not merely an actor and a singer of Negro Spirituals but a symbol. A sort of sublimation of what the Negro may be in the Golden Age hangs about him, and imparts to his appearances an atmosphere of affection and delight that is seldom felt in an American audience. His friendly dark face and lithe and towering figure first grew familiar to the public some seven years ago, when he was a Rutgers student on Walter Camp's All American Football team. His first notable appearance on the stage was in 1924, in O'Neill's All God's Chilluns Got Wings, which was followed by a revival of The Emperor Jones, and his first concert was not a year ago. Yet he has already won a significant place among American actors and singers. Six feet two and one-half inches tall, twenty-seven years old, black as the ace of spades, he is a man of outstanding gifts and of noble physical strength and beauty. His figure on the slave block, in The Emperor Jones, is remembered like a bronze of ancient mold.

Unlike most moderns, Paul Robeson is not half a dozen men in one torn and striving body. He is one, and clear cut, in the Greek or primitive sense. This sureness of essential being takes him across the concert stage, as it did across the football field, with a fine, free movement of his strong athletic body, which is the reflection in action of an inward goal. Paul Robeson knows where he is bound, and has a confidence denied to most performers that his arms and legs will take him there with no conscious effort or control. When he turns back stage from an encore, one gets again, in the bend of his head, in the swift, diagonal line of his body, a sharp visual image from an old field of glory. The singer's negroid features are more marked on the stage than off. His nose becomes a triangle of whiteness, his eyes white moons, his skin takes the milky lights that turn black into bronze. He has never seen a Georgia road gang but when he sings Water Boy the very accent and spirit of the Negro laborers enter into him and come out in that poignant vagrant song, one of the most beautiful in all folk music. Yet I have never seen on the stage a more civilized, a more finished and accomplished artistic gesture than his nod to his accompanist, the signal to begin the song. This gesture is the final seal of Paul Robeson's personal ease in the world. Even a Southerner would have difficulty in negating its quality and elbowing its creator from a sidewalk.

The primordial and early American world, with all its stages from savagery to slavery and revolt from slavery, to which he returned in the dream visions and in the person of Brutus Jones, is Robeson's starting point both as an actor and as a singer of Negro Spirituals. The basic tragedy of American life is his tragedy: his own father was a slave. His ultimate home is not Harlem or the Town Hall or the Provincetown or the playhouses of London in which he lately scored a great success, but that sure spiritual haven where the sorrowing indignity and the resignation of an oppressed race took their refuge.

> I got a home in-a-dat rock,
> Don't you see?

When Robeson sings this haunting phrase, he sings it as an artist, aware of the subtle correspondence between the hard *ck* sounds in rock, and the firmness of Negro salvation, aware of the eloquence to his auditors of the deep, persuasive, "don't you see?" But behind the artist, looking through his eyes, tightening his broad shoulders to bear a load of agonized entreaty, recasting the clear cut outlines of his young American head into a sort of racial stereotype, solemnizing the tender reverberation of his voice is an evangelical preacher, a seer, who, to reach the hearts of his clan, huddled in the southern wilderness, must out of the mystic and authoritative understanding of his own heart, sing his message.

This acceptance of the place where he stands as the place from which to start instead of the place from which to escape, is the key to Robeson's history. He says that his father gave it to him in childhood, teaching him to live and work, not from the imitative or competitive racial base, as many intelligent Negroes have done, but merely to be *himself*, Paul Robeson, at his utmost stretch. Paul Robeson is a proud man, and a man of many talents. It was open to him, after his athletic victories at Rutgers and his double appearance on the All-American team, to be a professional athlete. Walter Camp called him "the greatest defensive end who ever trod the gridiron." He had the prize fighter's physique and was mentioned for the ring. It seemed inevitable after his honors in debate and in scholarship at college—honors which would have been notable in a boy of any origin—that he should be successful in a learned profession: he holds a law degree from Columbia University. When these careers were renounced in favor of the life of the artist, there were still other choices. His singing voice is such a powerful and flexible organ and he has such an endearing stage presence that he might on the one hand have been a star in colored musical shows—he took the part of one of the "Four Harmony Kings" in Shuffle Along for a time. Had he chosen to cultivate his voice in a technical sense

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he might, on the other hand, have made himself a concert singer of the type of Roland Hayes. But he told the London reporters recently that he did not aspire to sing opera airs except in the bathtub. He has willed rather to be a serious actor and an evangelical and folk singer in the simple and naïve Negro tradition. For the present he has renounced acting to devote himself altogether to the latter rôle.

Paul Robeson is lucky, so they say, and one of his luckiest strikes is to have been born into the best age that the American Negro has yet known. But that is not saying much. Robeson, too, must have been made to feel at a disadvantage, as truly as his most humble brothers, by factors altogether beyond his control, if he had not learned to live so wisely on this American earth. The senior Robeson gave him something more abstract than a competitive ambition to strive for, and that in itself freed his power of choice. But his luck or his "leading" (as he sometimes calls it) seems to be in reality a blend of a tact—a highly sensitive intuition of the outer world—with a power to accept personal or racial limitations in a spirit of benignant grace and finality. This is the secret of the beautiful and fortunate life that flows from Paul Robeson's whole person and quickens his audiences for a moment into the same finely tempered adjustment. Robeson's singing mouth has no twist of acrid pain. Notes of eternity roll out of it. They are round and whole. They come from the depths of a man who stands rooted in "the most ancient heavens."

George Jean Nathan, commenting on Paul Robeson's acting in The Emperor Jones and All God's Chilluns Got Wings, described him as one of the most eloquent, impressive and convincing actors he had seen in twenty years of playgoing, and suggested that his college education had nothing to do with his flashes of blind inspiration, his power to wander on the borderline between acting and reality, his terrible and unrestrained sincerity. The Emperor's aboriginal voice, in the scene of lost and grovelling fear in the forest, made the hair of the civilized rise on their heads; they will not forget its sound to their dying day. It is true that Paul Robeson, even on the concert stage, seems sometimes to have the gift of possession. He himself does not know just how certain forces take control of his being — that self-denying, passive, deeply impressionable Negro essence which seems a remarkable endowment for an artist of the stage, much of whose skill must necessarily rest on his power of self-immolation or identification. Yet, knowing Paul Robeson, one is bound to believe that "education" has played an equal share with inheritance in putting him where he is. If what lies below the surface is struggling for expression in an ignorant primitive mind, it is likely to come out in a less manageable form than art, or in an art that lacks even a bowing acquaintance with opportunity. The stability and happiness given to a black boy's formative years by success in a rounded existence, where he lived on terms of affection and comradeship with the white people of his world, undoubtedly helped to make Paul Robeson articulate. Success and self-confidence, necessary as daily bread to the dramatic temper, were the soil in which the unconscious stream of tradition, which now serves his art so well, could grow and mature.

Princeton, New Jersey, might not seem as good a place as some southern town for an exponent of Negro tradition to be born in, but here again Robeson was lucky. Princeton is neither north nor south, and for a Negro boy in his time had the advantages of both. Paul's mother was a school teacher and a Bustill of Philadelphia — that is to say, a woman of an "old Philadelphia" colored family, who prided herself on her birth and background. His father, the Rev. William Robeson, who had escaped at fifteen from the South and from slavery, put himself through Lincoln University and became a Methodist minister, was of pure black stock, probably very close to the African. The people of the North Carolina community from which he came are said to have been of the Bantu tribe. In any case, his simple relatives on the paternal side, who followed the minister from North Carolina to Princeton, became in a sort Paul's female guardians after the death of his mother, which happened when he was very young. This southern clan might still, so far as culture went, have been living in a primitive rural community, and it was much the same with his father's congregation in Somerville, New Jersey, whither the elder Robeson moved three years later. When Paul sang the Spirituals and work songs of his race with his aunts and cousins or with his father's congregation, he was living and feeling wholly in the old Negro mode. As he was at the same time working ambitiously in white schools his existence enacted itself on two entirely different levels. It is a fact—though few of the dominant race have the imagination to realize it—that the life of a Negro, or an Indian, or even a Russian Jew must always be lived in the United States on two planes. This double existence too often creates below the surface a deadly war of shame and blame. In Paul's case, by one of the miracles that create fine personalities and destinies, specifically by the influence of a far-seeing old man, the two planes were assimilable and friendly one with the other; they even intercommunicated.

If Paul Robeson were to write the autobiography of these early years he would surely call it Father and Son. The image of a tall, grizzled, commanding evangelist with a magnificent bass voice, ("When people talk about my voice," says Robeson, "I wish they could have heard my father preach,") a father who was old enough to be a grandfather, an earnest and loving religious presence, will always stand by him through life. Paul was the youngest of a sizeable family, already

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launched in the world, and so it came about that this close and tender companionship, which any father might envy, and any son covet, grew up between the two. When Paul sings that touching song which has in it so much of the fate of the colored race:

> Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
> A long ways from home.

I seem to see the two faces, the old and the young, engaged in their serious colloquies. Before the move from Princeton there had been troubles in the church, which resulted in the resignation of the minister, and some of Paul's childish memories concern his father's conduct under fire, his dignity and lack of bitterness, which became to the son a sort of pattern of the ideal human attitude, especially the ideal Negro attitude. The human love, the religious simplicity and pathos that he brings to his singing of the Spirituals are a direct heritage, and he ascribes to the influences of these years his ability to pour himself freely and fearlessly into his professional work today, as he poured himself freely into his work in school and college.

The father, of course, had no thought of an artistic career for his son. He destined Paul—whose older brothers and sister were already headed for superior professions as doctor, minister, teacher—first for the ministry, then as the boy rebelled, for the law. Paul's intelligence justified the hope. His progress was brilliant; one victory followed another, scholarly, oratorical, athletic. Every day, when the boy came home from school, the father would say: "Now tell me what you learned in Latin today." So through the developing years not only every lesson but every debate, every football game or track meet was rehearsed to a critic whose understanding and pride were a spur to solid and considered performance. When Paul Robeson brought home seven As and one B from his freshman examinations at college, his father said: "What's the idea of the B?" That is to say, if Paul Robeson can get seven As he can get eight. Paul agreed. And he proceeded not only to lead his class in scholarship, to get his Phi Beta Kappa key in his junior year, and to make a name as a debater, but to achieve a varsity letter in five sports and a place on the longed for "All-American."

The cross which every Negro bears was not, of course, absent from Paul Robeson's life. Had he been looking for them he could have found thorns even in the midst of his victories. The truth is he brought an objective spirit to this difficult business of being a Negro. Yet the moment came when he too had to array himself on one side or the other of the color line. This was the hour when a talented youth found himself at the gate of Columbia, with a law degree in his hand, and the door of an excellent New York law office opening before him. Then suddenly the many unconscious influences we have noted welled up from below the surface and took shape in conscious intent. All Negroes are mariners, and it is so I see Paul Robeson holding his sensitive compass to the New York wind. Nothing in life had led him to fear white competition in the concrete instance, for he had always been at the head of any white group where he found himself. Yet the needle still pointed to the black pole of the Negro. Not all his advantages had made it veer by one degree from that fixed point. "In the law I could never reach the peak: I could never be a Supreme Court judge: on the stage there was only the sky to hold me back." How much shrewd judgment, how much new hope and emotional drive behind these words!

By this time Paul Robeson knew his race. He saw some among its leaders who had made their way by the road of revolt and bitterness, with the lash of a dark hatred on their backs. He saw still others who had proved their ability to equal white men on sophisticated cultural ground, and who urged him in strong accents to move forward in this course, "to show them what you can do." These motives seemed to him small and mean. He had no use for color as a weapon, but he felt a great expansion of the soul when he saw the young Negroes, as he did all about him in Harlem, seeking the way not of race abnegation or of race rivalry, but of race consciousness. The Negro Renascence! The phrase was life-giving! So far as it was a fact, and not a hope or an intellectual formulation it rested on the free development of Negro characteristics and cultural resources. Through the evocations of poetry, the provocations of jazz, through the theatre, through folk music, the Negro was coming into his American rights at last and offering his treasure to the common store.

Paul Robeson, being a Negro, wanting to be one to the limit, knowing already an unusual degree of personal success and expressiveness, discerned then that he could best continue to achieve them in the realm of the arts. Why had he studied law? Not so much because he loved it as because it seemed the highest destiny he could choose. Well, he had now seen a higher, and knew intuitively that he had a genius for it. He was a natural artist, and a fabricated attorney after all. This new opportunity was in line with the spirit of the elder Robeson, because it forced him to look within for strength, and gave Paul Robeson a chance. It took some courage to cast aside financial security and years of specialized training for the rigors and uncertainties of the artist's life. But if the artist, more than any other, must lose his life to find it, so must the American Negro be born twice into the American universe to live there like a man. In Paul Robeson man and artist now met and voted to take their daily sufferings, their daily nightmare fears, their daily soaring ambitions in common.

So began the second arc of Paul Robeson's mounting career. In this arc of his maturity, which

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is only half traced as yet, he has found a seconder as devoted as his father to provide the security and spur that his gentle nature demands. Paul Robeson married the summer of his graduation from the Law School a brilliant girl of Spanish colored extraction, Miss Eslanda Goode, a chemist by training, who has given up a responsible post in the pathological laboratory of the Presbyterian Hospital to become her husband's manager. Paul Robeson would surely have been one of the unknown and tragic creators of the Spirituals had he lived in the days of slavery, one of those in whom a voice, rising out of the shadows, could express the whole gamut of human destiny. But he might not have been the first—as he has—to bring this folk music to the concert platform as a subject for an entire program by a single artist, if he had not found a backer in this strong young woman. Yet, after all, perhaps nobody has done anything for Paul Robeson but God Almighty, who gave him his simple and beloved personality and his voice, so dusky and so mellow, with its elemental power of leading men to springs of tragic truth —truth too perilous to drink from were they not thus led by one they loved and trusted. Observe the images that even the hardened newspaper critics use to describe this voice: "It has organ notes." "It is a voice in which deep bells ring." "It is like the wind in the tree tops." "It has restraint and power which hold thunder behind each song." "It compasses some universal tragedy of the spirit."

The public felt the quality both of Robeson's singing and speaking voice in his first serious stage performance—a rather mediocre Negro play called Voodoo, which nevertheless, in a harking back to the savage past, somewhat reminiscent of The Emperor Jones, gave the actor a chance to show the natural and simple power of his art. Robeson played the rôle in England, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, after the New York performance, and began to lay the foundations of the success, both of esteem and popularity, which he achieved there a few months ago in The Emperor Jones. His New York performance in the same rôle, and in that of Jim in O'Neill's much discussed play of racial intermarriage, where he played the black husband of the white girl, have already been mentioned. In New York, Robeson's Emperor was of course contrasted with that of Gilpin, who first created the rôle, and who, to some minds, gave a less "intelligent" but a more effectively wicked performance, especially of the rascally first act. Those who most admire Robeson as a singer do not always esteem him to the same degree as an actor. But he found many warm critical admirers besides George Jean Nathan, and in London was named as a foredestined Othello. Until the foundation of a true Negro Theatre or until the prejudice which now prevails undergoes a sea change he might have more opportunities for fine rôles there than here. Meanwhile, he seems to have found as if by a "leading" again, the perfect medium for the expression of his intrinsic contribution.

Robeson's voice is described as a "bass-baritone." It has perfect pace and enunciation and has been well placed and cultivated just enough—not too much—for the faithful adherence to primitive tradition. Robeson's rendering of the Spirituals, with the expert and exciting accompaniment and transcription of Mr. Lawrence Brown, is less ethereal-ized than that of Roland Hayes, who is, technically speaking, a much more finished artist. But Robeson's seems to contain more of the background, more of the associations both in a racial and a musical sense, more of the artless majesty of the originals. These Spirituals, primarily intended for choral singing, are, as Mr. James Weldon Johnson points out, a high test of the individual performer, who must render not only the melodies but in his accompaniment the harmonies, and in addition convey undertones and overtones that can never be transcribed at all. Robeson's interpretation does just this, with no lapses into the jazzed effects and the Russian harmonies that have crept into the Spirituals, both in stage and in choral singing, of late years.

Even within the limits of strict Negro tradition, varied interpretations are possible. Take a song of strong evangelical bias, like Witness. Mr. Taylor Gordon, Robeson's latest rival in this field of individual performance, who is accompanied by Mr. Rosamond Johnson, sings it as a member of the congregation, Robeson sings it as a preacher. Similar differences would be found with the folk songs of humorous bias. Robeson is emphatically not a Negro comedian, and his performance of songs of the type of Scandalize My Name, delightful as it is, does not compare in perfection with his rendering of tender songs like Gimme Your Hand. Some of those who have heard the Spirituals and the work songs sung chorally, in remote parts of the South, reject the singing of any individual performer as a violation of primitive tradition. This may be true in principle yet the hour is not to the protestants, for it is certain that when the era of jazz operas, already definitely announced, breaks fully upon us, still more liberties will be taken with these original versions, and we shall see the Negro folk songs, like those of Europe, becoming the basis of a sophisticated musical art. The question is—is this movement the culmination of a passing fashion or the early flowering of a profound creative idea?

Paul Robeson, as I began by saying, is a symbol—a symbol of the increasing important place of the American Negro on the American stage, that you will magnify or minimize according to your prejudices and desires. It is earnestly to be hoped that the men like Paul Robeson with his evangelical tradition and Lawrence Brown with his Florida verve, who are consciously and lovingly working in an unconscious folk art are establishing a "class-

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ic" Spiritual tradition that will long live in American music. One of the critics, writing of Robeson's first concert, suggested that if Chaliapin could be conceived as singing Negro folk songs as his own, he would sing them as Paul Robeson does. Let us give thanks that we were not born too late to hear this Negro Chaliapin render the Spirituals reverently, with wildness and awe, like a trusting child of God.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Washington Notes

NOTWITHSTANDING their enormous relief over the apparently irrevocable determination of the unbeatable Al to run neither for Governor nor for Senator this year, those who direct from here the Republican organization in New York—to be specific Sen. James W. Wadsworth and Congressman Ogden Mills—are by no means free from embarrassment as to the future. They have in fact troubles of an unusual kind which may or may not become acute but which unquestionably fill them at this time with apprehension.

For instance, close observers extract no little amusement from the poorly concealed uneasiness with which they look forward to the return to civilization of young Teddy, their gallant but slightly unsuccessful gubernatorial candidate of 1924 who, following in the footsteps of his noble sire, departed last spring on a well advertised big game hunting and exploration trip through India and is now cleaning up Africa preparatory to coming home. Personally they will be glad to see him, but politically he is a problem.

I am told that Colonel Roosevelt plans to get back to America early in the summer in plenty of time to make possible his enthusiastic renomination by the New York Republican convention which, as is well known, will be safely controlled by his friends, Wadsworth and Mills. That the young Colonel will want to run again is generally believed by those who know him best. These point out that having sacrificed himself for his party last time, given up his soft job in the Navy Department and taken the inevitable drubbing from the invincible Al, now that the track is clear and a real chance for victory apparent he is entitled to another try at the prize. Such they think will undoubtedly be young Ted's line of reasoning. He would enter the fight with his prestige enhanced and the opposition weakened by the retirement of its champion.

That is the way the argument runs and there does seem to be a certain amount of logic therein. The big fact is however that another campaign with young Ted as the candidate is just about the last thing the New York state leaders desire. For one thing, as a candidate young Teddy simply does not click, though it will never be possible successfully to convey that idea to him. For another, his candidacy this time would undoubtedly clash with the aspirations, ambitions and hot desire of the combative Mr. Mills who, I am told, is rapidly working himself into a frame of mind where he will soon be convinced that he has been anointed by God for the job. For still another thing Senator Wadsworth, while lucky enough not to have to run against Smith, will have considerable trouble with the dry element in his party and it would not be surprising to see a dry Republican candidate enter the field against him. In any event he wants a gubernatorial candidate on the ticket with him who will help pull the load, not one who will have to be pulled. It was proved last time to the complete satisfaction of almost everybody that despite his name, his lineage and military record, young Teddy lent no strength to the ticket. The dead African lions will not change that.

So it comes down to this—they just do not want to nominate Teddy again and they won't if there is any way out of it. However it is no secret here that something will have to be done for him if he is side-tracked in New York, and the present worry is, what? The young Colonel not only has a strong taste for politics and public life but profound convictions that he has unusual gifts along these lines. Moreover, he has a name, a family, and a sort of "nuisance value," to use a Wall Street term, that makes it impossible to overlook his claims. When they break the news to him that Mills wants the Governorship they have got to have something with which to pacify his cries. He is not apt to suffer in silence.

Perhaps Mr. Coolidge can be persuaded to come to the rescue and offer him something promising and pleasant for an ambitious young man here in Washington, and then again perhaps not. It might easily be that what he could be offered would not square with his idea of what he should be offered. They might be miles apart. I offer as a constructive suggestion to those who are worrying about the future of the Colonel, that they devise some means to prize the unfortunate Wilbur out of the Cabinet and get Teddy put in his place. It might not be much of an improvement, but things certainly would not be any worse.

While I am on this subject of the Roosevelts I shall mention just as a matter of curiosity the excited indignation into which a certain element here has been thrown by what they conceive to be the purpose of the Roosevelt Memorial Association. I do not myself follow with either interest or attention any of these memorial projects and I contribute impartially toward none. The fact that the revelations concerning Fall, Forbes and Daugherty did not even slacken the enthusiasm over the Harding memorial seemed to me to detract in some way from all memorial movements. However, this feeling about the Roosevelt memorial is more or less amusing. The basis for the indignation is the belief, well or ill founded, that the aim of the Roosevelt Memorial Association is to build here in Washington, somewhere on the Mall, either a shaft or monument or something that will in size and beauty top both the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. Both George and Abe are to be out-built. In other words the charge is that the Roosevelt people propose to put up here something that will convince future generations that of all the men to whom monuments have been erected in this city Roosevelt was the greatest. I have no means of knowing that this is their idea, but I do know that a good many people think that is the big purpose and they are pretty sore about it.

Washington. T. R. B.

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The Wisdom Tooth

The Wisdom Tooth, by Marc Connelly. Little Theatre, February 15, 1926.

WE are quite familiar with the theme of democratic mediocrity, of the pressure toward making everybody like everybody else, the patting on the back from journals, partners and presidents whenever we flatter the national life by growing flat and general. We may add New York to that, and may speak of the rattling up to a sharper pitch of mediocrity that is achieved there. But Mr. Connelly does not go far into social philosophy; his play has only implications of social satire, only little hints about business men and boarders, and not many hints and implications at that. His hero is a single case and we are to watch his fortunes more, I gather, for the sentiment involved, the fantasy and the homely romance, than for any sting or theory about our society, our national or local characteristics, our blurred uniformity. And yet there are elements in The Wisdom Tooth, as there were in Dulcy and To The Ladies and Beggar on Horseback, that stick in the mind and ramify.

In The Wisdom Tooth we see a dentist's waiting-room, with people snatching up magazines, with fidgeting, staring, and at length the entrance of an uncertain young man who, since the magazines are all taken, finds a book and begins to read. It is a book of fairy tales. A morsel of conversation gets under way, in which we learn that the young man thinks that there are people who think that there are fairies: his grandmother did. The others laugh at him. He goes out, toothache and all, and starts the next scene at the boarding house. There is a girl there, Sally, whom he loves and who loves him. It is forced upon her by the boarders and by her own eyes and ears that Bemis, the young man with the tooth, has no opinions of his own, he agrees with everything backward and forward. She taxes him with that, he is all perplexed. Even that very afternoon a blonde stenographer had been fired unjustly from the office; if Bemis had been a man he would have told the boss what he thought of the procedure; but he has not, he is not a man. Sally goes upstairs. Bemis recalls his boyhood days as he sits alone before the fire. His grandfather and grandmother come to him, he needs them and they have doubtless been reading The Blue Bird in Heaven; they have been guided to Bemis by Lalita, the fairy in whom Bemis long ago had believed.

At this point a really beautiful and moving theme is introduced.

Up to now the play has been mildly agreeable comedy, sentimental and somewhat ironical, with touches of keen observation of details, manners, personal whimsies. After this point it brightens up, strengthens its tone, and then subsides again gradually into what it was before, homely fantasy, comedy of sentiment, amusing and obvious accuracies of small observation.

Bemis in his dream is back again at the circus, the noise and cries and happy nonsense of circus days spreads around. What he once was wakes in his heart. A boy of twelve enters with the grandparents. It is Bemis as he was then, so many years ago. The boy has pluck; he will be President of the United States some day; he will fight Porky, who has insulted the lady and laughed at him; finally he will go with Bemis and lead him to the manager's office to express what he thinks of the blonde's dismissal. He confronts the manager, who proves exemplary even to the point of recognizing that Bemis is not a mere clerk but a man as well. From this trance Bemis wakes into the boarding house again. He has new spirit, he telephones the manager, tells him what he thinks of him, and loses his job. Sally, the dear, sensible strong girl, rewards him with renewed faith in him. It all ends pleasantly and harmlessly enough, a little slow, but for many people entertaining perhaps. The beautiful and moving theme that was discovered has, however, faded back into the amiable mass of the play; a fine chance is lost.

This theme that appears and that is so full of possibilities for poetry, caustic truth and wistful pathos, consists of three parts, the idea, the boy, the man. In the boy there arrives in due time the idea, the soul, the characteristic, that he expresses and embodies. This idea and the boy may grow and develop with mutual completeness, the boy moves on into the man, the idea completes itself. Or the idea may be killed or violated or forgotten; the whole that might have been is replaced by something that is only partially alive; the man, lacking the flowering of what he was, of his idea, is only an empty shell. The Wisdom Tooth as it stands is full of common sense, bright eyes and a pleasant love of life; what it might have been, with this theme of idea and boy and man carried toward profundity, is another matter.

Bemis is a simple fellow, mentally on the level with ordinary journalism, ordinary politics, shows, moralities and boarding houses. But there must be many men in New York for whom this theme of boy and man, that brave, free little spirit and that later completion or denial of it, will have a strange and poignant appeal and application. The homely affair that The Wisdom Tooth turns out to be as drama, may make this appeal even more accessible to many, though the play cuts too low for more complex natures to find themselves very much in it. A sermon could be preached upon it. When the game has been played, the town granted its levies in nerves and ideals and noise, and either success achieved or failure undergone, what in each case has happened to this boy idea, to the thing that once informed the man's body and that was meant to complete itself mutually with his growth through years and places? If we got off the size mania and the quantity mania for a moment we could discuss this idea, boy and man theme and its chance among us, as Greater New York.

The directing of The Wisdom Tooth is almost always too slow, otherwise it is homely and agreeable prose. The acting is for types, not bad, not in any sense distinguished. Master Hugh O'Connell's comes off far better than most boy rôles on the stage. Mr. Thomas Mitchell defeats criticism by identifying himself with the character; his lack of diction, voice and bearing could easily belong to Bemis the clerk. His time sense is good and his use of his limited equipment convincing. It remains, however, a problem in acting that is none too interesting.

STARK YOUNG.

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Moana

Moana, by Robert J. Flaherty. New York. Rialto Theatre. February 7, 1926.

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Flaherty gave us Nanook of the North, which was, so far as we know, the first film of its kind. Nanook was drama taken directly from life: the raw material of the Eskimos' existence skilfully packed into a few thousand feet of film. It was quite as exciting as the majority of the studio-concocted thrillers from Hollywood, and infinitely more interesting than the Cook's Tour glimpses of life among the natives discouragingly labelled as "Educational." It is generally true that life, if it is to be made attractive at second-hand for the audience of a novel, a play or a moving-picture, must be put through some sort of a sieve. A series of shots showing the faces, customs and perils of an Eskimo family would have been just one more travelogue. Mr. Flaherty prearranged the incidents and rehearsed the Eskimos just enough to give us drama, not too much to make them strike us as artificial. His actors were people who had spent their lives fishing, paddling perilous kayaks in icy waters, building igloos and catching seal. In the film they did these things as naturally as they had always done them, while remaining apparently quite free from self-consciousness in the face of the camera. Behind the simple narrative flow of their lives on the screen there lay, one was sure, a tremendous amount of hard work on Mr. Flaherty's part. They had been put through that sieve which keeps for us only so much of the total truth as is necessary and characteristic.

Now, after two years spent by Mr. Flaherty in the South Seas, we have Moana. The scene is shifted from Nanook to the other ends of the earth; instead of ice and danger we are shown a Samoan island, a dream-like island. In a short hour and a half is unreeled, not only the results of two years of careful labor, but a history and a race. And our feeling, when the last glimpse of the happy childhood of this senescent world has faded, is not critical, but only selfish: why did it end so soon—would that it would go on and on—would that it would never end at all—would that we could be there forever also. Moana is far less exciting than Nanook of the North, less dramatic, much farther removed from anything that we know. It has, on the face of it, no story, no sex appeal, suspense, conflict, villains, heroines, nor any of the things likely to make it desirable to the movie millions so long fed on raw meat and wronged women. Many of the best things of this world being fated, ex officio, not to receive the attention they deserve, there is a gloomy probability that the great seventeen-cent public will not recognize Moana for what it is, a picture that combines Heaven, where most of this public hopes to be, with Florida, where so many of them are already. But white men never recognize Heaven when they see it, or if they do have a faint notion that they are treading celestial soil, they divide it into lots if it be near enough, or send missionaries bearing galvanized tin creeds, mother hubbards and pneumonia if it be too far for them to go in person. The Heaven in the South Seas which the white man thought he had discovered for himself is not for him at all. It might have lasted for the native. In a very few corners some traces of it may still be found. Whether Mr. Flaherty found one of these corners intact, or whether he welded traces of the real thing with his imagination of it does not matter. His reconstruction remains a living reconstruction, not a tourist's grouping of local colors in an album. To achieve this requires time, effort, patience, sympathy and an almost human camera, valuables all of which Mr. Flaherty evidently possesses.

The Samoans in this picture are not as beautiful as one had expected. Their faces are often a little too heavy to be called beautiful, but one forgets this very soon, because they are so utterly charming, charming with the simple nobility of children. Of course Mr. Flaherty chose the most attractive people he could find, and for the few he wove into his film there are probably others almost as ugly as the bipeds on Broadway. But we do not intend to think so. All the girls in Samoa are as quietly, gracefully charming as the girl in this picture, all the young men are as strong as Moana himself, and as gaily handsome, all the old ladies are as wisely young-souled as Moana's mother, all the children are as irresistible as the Arcadian imp Pé-a, and can climb cocoanut trees a hundred feet tall with his artless ease.

The palms and cocoanuts curve high above the beach, a beach of spotless sands, soft under naked feet, warm with the spray of white salt water. Between the sands and the coral reef the last madness of Pacific waves lies dying in lucid eddies or the foamy collapse of breakers. The sea out beyond the reefs is a blue beyond all other blues, flat and eternal under thunder towers of cloud. Here the air and sea are eternally kind to men, and here their bread falls from the trees. Or they fish for it, with more sport than toil.

There is one bit in Moana lovelier than any photography, still or moving, we have ever seen. Moana and his friends are paddling their boat in shallow water. It is only a light, narrow sliver of a boat, with an outrigger, such a boat as does not lie deep in the water or offend it. The water moves tremulously underneath, in faint patterns of living crystal. The boys jump overboard, and the water scatters, curves, weaves in and out, makes flickering shadows around them, opens into vanishing caverns, limpid complexities, depths and surfaces, themselves pure and colorless, which suggest all color. If the air were visible, and if its radiant currents could be photographed, so would it appear to our eyes.

These Samoans seem to be aware of their idyllic life. Warfare has disappeared, and food involves no struggle. But they believe that suffering has its place in the scheme of things, and if suffering chooses to pass them by, they must invent a ceremony of suffering. Elsewhere, there are natural ordeals to try a man's mettle; here, trials being rare, the ordeal must be conventional. At his coming of age, if he would prove his manhood, the young Samoan must be tattooed, very nearly from head to foot, in most expensive and elaborate patterns. The operation is frightfully painful, and often lasts two or three weeks. Mr. Flaherty makes Moana's tattoing the climax of his film. As he lies on his back while the artists prick the dark juice into his skin, all his family sit about him, and from their faces,

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compassionate and calm, we can learn the precise alloy, in the native soul, of kindness with acceptance of a custom which hurts, but is not therefore considered cruel.

This little paradise where suffering has to be kept artificially alive, where food is given without work, fills us with fallacious envy. Imagine us suddenly in a situation, an island where a living did not have to be worked for. Would we become gradually like the Samoans, as simple and happy, as well built and altogether good to look upon, as contented with few things under a large sky? Bread for us is a hydra; because we must work for it we want other things as well, which we would still want though we no longer had to work for bread. Chop off one want and another, like a head, appears. Set us all down in the land of Mr. Flaherty's Moana under a palm tree, and we would for a while be happy, lazy in the sun, pleased with the water for a day, a week, rejoicing in simplicity, paradise regained. But after a while the sea and the sun and the perpetual free-lunch would pall, and there would creep into our lives, one by one, all the old friends, all the familiar faces we had cursed and left behind forever; gold fillings and carbon copies, letters of condolence and general conversation, poker debts and the League of Nations, Methodists, mortgages, and Something on the Hip, flypaper, Chambers of Commerce and Ph. D. degrees, the sum total of which, curiously enough, goes by the name of civilization.

ROBERT LITTELL.

On Teaching Art and Letters

SUBSTANTIAL progress has been made in recent years toward recognizing the varieties of expression that have claims to be called art, but the mode of study usual in these matters still shows primitive traces. It recalls what was the general practice a few years ago in the study of all subjects not purely scientific. In those days the study of all political institutions had not much to do with the study of the institutions that controlled political action. Ethics liked to ask whether it was right to lie to an intending murderer hot on the trail of his projected victim, but it said very little about the lies that are at the foundation of most enterprise. In those days historians answered with easy fluency the questions which with ten times as much available material, they could not have answered about their next-door neighbors. In fact, the scantier the material, the clearer were the explanations. Psychology, ostensibly the most interesting of subjects, was perhaps the dullest. Jennings's book on the Behavior of the Lower Organisms was to me a revelation, and from the day of reading it I was really interested in psychology. But I have not yet reached the point of being interested in what I read about art, except for amusing personal impressions. Other things I find too poor as general truth, and too conventional as personal experience, to have much value.

It is realized today, I suppose, that no study of politics or history or economics or psychology is serious that makes an arbitrary selection of the material. Such things are done, of course, and habitually, but intelligent people now class such practices with propaganda, and not with genuine research. But in matters affecting art the old usage prevails, and a choice is made of what is "important." "Bad" art is ignored or slurred over. "Important" means commendable to the writer, or at least to the tradition that guides him, and so on. I regard this sort of thing as unintelligent and as leading to no good end, and I propose here to tell why.

But "ere I further in this tale pace, methinketh it accordant to resoun" to dispose of a difficulty that always tends to block progress. It will be said that art is not science, that surely the history of art, or the this and that of art, is not the study of *art*. Quite so. We shall concern ourselves with *art*, but first, let us present these working definitions of art and science. *Art* is a statement of something as it appears to *some* person or to *some* group of persons who are masters of a technique of expression. *Science* is a statement of something as it appears to *all* persons who are masters of a technique of expression. In order to look the same to *all* persons, a thing has to be made of simple parts, and be put together in an intelligible way. Therefore science is atomistic. But to look right to just *some* person or to a number of persons looking at it in one way, a thing need not be atomized. It can be taken as a whole, and therefore art is not atomistic. The product of science is an equation. The product of art is a picture. Both science and art are ways of knowing things, science as they are valid for all persons, and art as they are valid for some persons. The direct consequences of this distinction are momentous, even for criticism, but of course they cannot be developed here. Be it said in passing, however, that there is no need whatever of befogging the issue with emotions, æsthetic or otherwise. Feelings, whether weak or strong, mix with the rest of the stuff when interest is diffused, and that is all that the everlasting babble about emotion amounts to.

It must, in the next place, be admitted that artists, like other people, are prejudiced persons, and it must be admitted that the spectator is also a prejudiced person. But because of this we do not think it reasonable that a painter should refuse to paint a portrait whenever he does not like a sitter's nose. He must accept the nose as it is, and do the best he can with it. In the same way the spectator, as student, must take what he sees, and the reader what he reads. He cannot be at perfect one with the artist, but he can do things that are not unlike the various things that a portrait painter does. He can take the model as a ground for making something into which the model barely enters, that is, he can read exclusively for his impression—this would be one extreme; or he can make a faithful attempt to render it as closely as possible, that is, to approach the author with all available aids and means —this would be the other extreme. The operation is in no case a scientific one, but that is in itself no reason why the material selected should not be comprehensive.

It is admitted then, that the knowing of a work of art is not a scientific but an æsthetic act. But if we are to study, for instance, the art or literature of our time in America, we must consider what that art is. It is neither more nor less than the art that is current during that period. It includes both the best and the worst sellers. It is as absurd to make a qualitative selection and call it the art of the time as it would be to take the opinions

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of the New Republic and the Nation, and call that the political thought of the time. It may be true that the newer, fresher, more difficult thought, will occupy more of our attention since it is more varied and harder to understand. But that is another matter. The art of any time is just the art of that time, and the eternities, as prophets see them, are not an issue. Important art is often ephemeral, and there is no correlation between importance at the time and duration. Whistler was very important some while ago, though now rather discredited. Cézanne has recently been important, though he too is losing somewhat, and may drop heavily when his contemporary importance is past. It is not at all improbable that Ryder who was never "important" may outlast them both, as Chardin is outlasting Boucher and Greuze, and Daumier, Millet. Such things do happen whether this will happen or not, therefore the illustration may serve.

But it will doubtless be contended, just because art is not science, just because it is not concerned with things as seen by *all* those who master a technique, but by individual vision rather, therefore it requires some competent person to select the individual vision to which attention should be paid, and to point its right interpretation. The student, in his capacity as learner, is incapable of this discrimination, and there must be an available someone who shall select and guide. The teacher and critic is obviously indicated, is he not? It would seem so, but perhaps it is not true. The case is somewhat like our system of representative government. This supposes that the man who is efficient in catching votes is proved efficient for the framing of political, social, and financial policy. In like manner we infer that getting a Ph. D. in art or letters, or writing more or less acceptably about these things in the magazines, qualifies one to guide another's choice. But let us once again, and in another context, consider what art is.

Art and the æsthetic as the terms are usually taken, are not identical. Clive Bell's well known definition does not, for instance, apply to other than the æsthetic values in art. But then both he and Roger Fry unblushingly admit that they are members of a tiny minority who have a strange mysterious power, and that the world at large does not share their esoteric ecstasies. I think their views are quite mistaken, and that their wings are both less buoyant and less radiant than to themselves they seem, but in any case they do not pretend concern for the global thing that is art. That thing has many contacts with life. It may, and to a greater or a less extent does, open up and develop fresh meanings for many people, reinforces existing tendencies, and combats them. If art meant really only a rapture-in-contact-with-isolated-abstract-form, there would be no good reason for bothering the general run of people with it. But in actual living fact it isn't that at all. It is to most people the chief avenue of approach to new experience. Through novels, plays, pictures, cinemas, or through sophisticated romances called popular science, they get most of their new impressions. Their social and religious philosophy is in this way affected. What special qualifications have our teachers and our critics to act as guides in these matters? To ask this question is to answer it. They are students of a certain subject, or practitioners perhaps. They may be professionally trained expounders of technical methods, or analysts of formal characters. Commonly they are just people with some learning and opinions, and if each would only look at himself as he is reflected in the glass of the others, he would get a fairly accurate portrait of his own fantastic and grotesquely pretentious self. Bunyan, seeing a condemned criminal dragged to Tyburn, said: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Bunyan." So Mencken might point to Moore or Babbitt or Sherman, or Dr. Crane, and say that there, but for the grace of God, goes H. L. Mencken, and these might, vice versa, do the same to him. So far as I know, however, they have not yet caught up with Bunyan.

What then is the function of the teacher and the serious critic of art and letters, and how do they differ from the tub-thumper, be he more or less refined? Their function is, I imagine, to coöperate with other teaching powers in the development of active intelligence. It is to analyze, explain and illustrate, so that choice may be made relevant to need. Of course no quick result can by that method be attained, but it may be the only recourse for those whose perfect goal would not be reached when they had led their students to the heart of their own microcosm and exclaimed, "Behold the Universe."

LEO STEIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Small Town Editor's Job

SIR: True as Mr. Carroll D. Clark's description of the low state of the country press is, it is a condition that will not last.

The opportunity for the young man of ability, scholarship, some technical training and serious purpose to enter the village newspaper field and make a newspaper as good for his territory as the "national weekly" is for the United States is too inviting to be much longer neglected.

As Sam Bowles's newspaper, published in a small city, was echoed throughout the country, so the county-seat weekly, its news columns devoted to its immediate neighborhood and its editorials thoughtful, vigorous and outspoken, will command attention at least in the state of its publication.

The country editor is not required, as he imagines, to be a job printer, advertising solicitor and mailing clerk. He must have some executive skill, know how to delegate tasks, how to relieve himself of drudgery, how to superintend, to "hire and fire," but, more than that, he must respect his work, perceiving the fact that the rural people (of whom fifty are college-bred men and women to one thirty years ago) will gladly pay for a newspaper speaking for them what it is worth.

The average country weekly now selling for $1.50 to $2.50 a year is worth about 75 cents. One containing twenty or twenty-five columns set in eight point or nine point type, correctly (not brilliantly) written, and every line having the touch of the competent journalist's craftsmanship, will sell for $3 a year.

The standardization of the daily newspapers, except a few in the great cities, with their colorless news dispatches, wooden local stories, canned if clever features, their originality confined to the editorial page, is a fact, and that the heavy investment of money in them chills the courage of the owner or editor may be a fact, too.

The country weekly is the editor's own. What it wants in entertaining syndicate matter may be more than offset by the distinction that an honest and educated man expressing himself will give to it. As The Sun was "Dana's paper" and The Tribune "Greeley's" (which can never be again in the big town), The Clarion in Hopkinsville may still be "Brown's paper."

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Some "bright young men" are coming to see the opportunity, and numerous small but influential weeklies will take the places of the dull, dead things that Mr. Clark tells of. Moreover, their influence will reform the dailies.

Good roads and low-priced motors have made the county the "beat" of the country editor, and he can go out twenty miles for a story now, instead of taking as he loafs away the summer hours on the court house steps, a paragraph from a farmer come to market. Meantime, his village and county are in the middle of the world; he is always within two or three hours of a city and its theatre if he would have a taste of them.

Thirty years ago the youth with a newspaper turn left the village to save himself from rusting out. The time has come for him to stay in the village lest he be ground up.

W. W. BALL.

Columbia, S. C.

The Prohibition Muddle

SIR: My attention has been called to your editorial in your issue dated February 3, entitled The Prohibition Muddle. I was at first inclined to regard it as part of the persistent wet propaganda, the purpose of which is to prove prohibition a dismal failure and to force a nullification, modification program upon us with the ultimate goal of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Such papers as the Chicago Tribune are "whooping it up" enthusiastically for this program, but their support of it is to say the least of questionable value.

Now I am a life-long prohibitionist. I made my first prohibition speech back in 1892, and have kept it up faithfully ever since. I consider the adoption of prohibition the greatest step forward in moral progress ever made by a free self-governing nation. I find no reason to repent the part I had in bringing it about. The frothings of the Chicago Tribune and its ilk worry me not the least; but after reading your editorial, I was convinced that it was the sincere attempt of an honest man to think his way through what seemed to him an unsolvable problem as well as a most serious muddle. I am more than half inclined to agree with your conclusions.

The origin of the problem, or the muddle, whichever we may consider it, lies much farther back than the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. It lay in the liquor traffic itself—the hideous effects of the commercialization of a debased and unnatural appetite, the political domination of the country by the brewery interests and the wholesale corruption that accompanied it. The American saloon, backed by the American brewery, was an institution so monstrous that its destruction was a matter of self-preservation for society. Very few desire its restoration.

Personally, I did not think the adoption of a constitutional amendment the best way to destroy this monster, but as that was the nearest thing to a national referendum that could be had, the majority of the drys decided upon that method; so I, perforce, fell into line and helped put it across, but not without some misgivings. Now that it is done, I wouldn't have it undone for worlds, and yet I can't help wishing that some more effective way had been adopted.

The greatest blunder that was made was the general acceptance of the idea that prohibition being a national law, the federal government could, should and would enforce it, with the result that not only in wet New York and New Jersey was the task of enforcement turned over to the federal authorities, but also to a large extent in dry Kansas and Nebraska. It never should have been contemplated for one minute that the national government should undertake the job of policing the entire nation.

The second greatest blunder was the conception that the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead law for its enforcement would stop drinking in the nation. Prohibition should have been accepted as a matter for education and development. Instead of being asked and expected to run down bootleggers, ferret out moonshine stills and padlock blind pigs, the federal authorities should centre their efforts on stopping the rum-running along our seacoasts and borders, closing the breweries, checking the interstate traffic and ferreting out the big interstate conspiracies.

If the state and local authorities cannot or will not stop the petty makers and traffickers in the illicit booze, let them "stew in their own juice" until such time as they get educated up to it. Conditions at the worst under prohibition are not so bad as under the old license system. The saloon is no longer protected by the law. In any place, a few law-abiding, God-fearing citizens can clean up their own community and find the law to aid them in doing so. Any Carry Nation can go out and smash up booze joints and moonshine stills and not run afoul of the law.

When the drys come to understand that the Volstead law and the various state enforcement acts are instruments placed in their hands to use in suppressing the booze joints, and quit sitting back and begging Uncle Sam to do it for them, we shall come to a sane and practical solution of the prohibition problem. Will they do it? They did it in Kansas and the other prohibition states and in the thousands of municipalities that went dry under local option, the greatest drawback in those days being the ease with which booze could be transported from the nearest wet territory. I know the American people CAN settle this problem, and I predict that they WILL. We generally go through with anything that we start.

Madison, Wis.

WILLIAM C. DEAN.

Two Lives

SIR: I want to thank you and Mr. Glenn Hughes for the review of William Ellery Leonard's Two Lives. It is the first review of the book that I have read which had the courage of its enthusiasm, whose ardor saw no need of being circumspect, of clothing itself modestly according to all temperate book-reviewing proprieties. Mr. Hughes, with appalling indiscretion, declares that the work "deserves a place among the poetic tragedies of all time." And he concludes his review with a sentence whose full laconic purpose he will never be able to deny. "It is a masterpiece," says Mr. Hughes, flinging down the gage to posterity.

Two Lives has been warmly praised, but not warmly enough. We must go back to Othello, to Lear, to the tragedies of Webster for anything to rival its terrible magnificence. Certainly it is unique in American literature. Yet Two Lives is hardly a happy accident. Too many of our critics, it seems to me, have been disposed to relegate Mr. Leonard to the company of those amiable gentlemen of the lecture-halls who out of their profound academic boredom give vent on occasion to innumerable polished banalities. If these critics would forget their own pedantries and realize that the use of "o'er" and "e'en" is something less than a crime, they would discover that Mr. Leonard has always been a poet of passion and depth and sweeping vision. They would find, for example, in an earlier volume a sonnet To the Victor which is equal to the greatest sonnets of Wordsworth.

I believe it took a certain courage to write Mr. Hughes's review. But he was dealing with a superbly courageous piece of work. Two Lives *is* a masterpiece.

A. B. MAGIL.

New York, N. Y.

What to Do with a Surplus

SIR: Much has been said in the current press relative to reinvestment money which is to be provided by the scientific taxation by which Mr. Mellon and the other eighty-five very wealthy men expect to be relieved of certain super-taxes. They are then, we understand, to invest this money in the industries to provide for the worker more work.

As the New Republic has pointed out that there now appears to be plenty of money for industrial purposes, however, if such is needed, would it not be well for the government to keep on buying back its bonds?

This would perform two laudable functions, the payment of the public debt and the increase of the money supply for industrial expansion.

DORR H. CARROLL.

Kansas City, Mo.

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The Collapse of the Hapsburg Empire

Oesterreichische Regierung und Vedwaltung im Weltkriege, by Professor Joseph Redlich. New Haven: Yale University Press. 334 pages. $3.50.

PROFESSOR JOSEPH REDLICH, a keen student of political science and statesman, member of the Lammasch government which was destined to see the total collapse of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy, contributed this book to the history of the World War as one of the series of volumes published under the auspices of the Carnegie Foundation for international peace and directed by Professor J. T. Shotwell.

In his picturesque style, every word of which reflects originality, Professor Redlich sets out to give us the social and cultural background of the monarchy, the fundamental tendencies of its evolution, the psychology of its masses and the aims of its statesmen. He traces the break-up of the Hapsburg empire to causes inherent in the monarchy and shows that it was an historic necessity which might have been, perhaps, prevented through the federalization of the empire, but which short of this solution, was predestined to doom. It was therefore not the World War which destroyed the dynasty. It had merely accelerated a tendency which through many centuries had acquired added intensity in accumulating the ruinous forces which ultimately brought about the end of the monarchy.

Redlich waves aside the suggestion that the monarchy had become the victim of an "historic accident" or of the proverbial "stabbing in the back." On the contrary, he maintains that its decomposition took place according to a procedure which one is tempted to call the plan of the World-Spirit in the sense of the philosophy of Hegel, which progressed toward its consummation under the benevolent surveillance of the emperor himself; and that the Hapsburg bureaucracy was the chief agency of the organization and consolidation of the new national states. Redlich's powerful conception of the historical rôle of the monarchy is that it had prepared the weak national minorities to be conscious of their own power and that it had supplied them with those material and moral forces which later enabled them to cut adrift from the empire.

Like every feudal state, Austria was the creation of a dynasty. Due to its fortunate military, diplomatic and matrimonial activities, the Hapsburg dynasty succeeded in gathering eleven nations into its sphere of influence. This society of nations had for a long time figured only as a mass of taxable subjects and cannon fodder. Efforts directed toward the organization of this motley crowd proved futile. Unlike the other feudal imperiums, the Austrian "authority state" (Obrigkeitsstaat) could not be transformed into a democratic "people's state" (Volkstaat), owing, perhaps, to its exceedingly cosmopolitan character and to the lack of a political or cultural force which could have effected the assimilation of the component parts in an age in which national consciousness was half dormant. It is true that Austria had always preserved its German character, but this was due to the imperial bureaucracy and its military organization much more than to cultural supremacy or spontaneous coöperation.

It was the imperial bureaucracy which at that time was the main support of the Austrian half of the monarchy. It would not grant autonomy to the national minorities, but it was willing to experiment with weak constitutional substitutes, aimed at hoodwinking the discontented nationalities. The Austrian bureaucracy had produced first-class state employes who were absolutely immune to graft. It was they who were the pillars of the unity of the state and who, in the last years, had assumed, under Steinbach's and Koerber's leadership, a state-socialistic attitude. They had carried on an obstinate battle against Pan-Slav tendencies. Emperor Franz Joseph, in whose reign they had grown fat, had remained an absolute ruler despite the changing times. He merely played with democracy and parliamentarism, but as soon as the situation had become serious his belief in his divine right stiffened to Wilhelmian conceptions.

However, the Hapsburg "family state" could not long enjoy the security guaranteed by the presence of this efficient bureaucratic system. It had been working toward its own undoing. During the political skirmishes offices proved tempting "considerations" for favors received and the non-German ministers had made generous use of their privilege of distributing jobs among their co-nationals. Members of the Polish, Czecho-Slovak and South-Slav "intelligentsia" took place in the old centralistic state machinery in a manner which reminded one of the rôle of the Barbarians in the decaying Roman Empire. This development was further accentuated through the gradual grinding up of the German liberal bourgeoisie between Christian Socialism, rallying round Herr Lueger, and Marxian Socialism, led by Victor Adler.

When the dies iræ came it was evident that the monarchy's war could be carried on only through the application of the strictest military absolutism against the wishes of those peoples which the dualism had prevented from developing their national faculties. It became evident, at the same time, that this war was on the monarchy's part a struggle for the maintenance of the status quo, thereby reflecting the very pronounced anti-Slav orientation of the German ally. No one had anticipated the consequences of this war aim on the psyche of the majority of the inhabitants of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy.

Thus, Austria had become the victim of an unrestricted military régime which, scornful of the "bunglings of the civilians," had taken into its hands the task of creating order in the country. This was the opportunity for the generals to discredit parliament, to defend the unity of the state against the Slavic invasion and to make good the result of the emperor's "weakness." The persecution of what the generals liked to call the "maffia"—which term covers the intellectuals of the nationalities—took on serious proportions. Many of them were interned, jailed or, after mock trials, executed. Conrad von Hoetzendorf, Austria's war lord, took up a decided stand against the Stuergh government which had incurred his wrath on account of its alleged leniency toward the nationalities. A military dictatorship was inaugurated which made the remedying of the gravamina of the nationalities impossible. This intransigeant attitude, more than anything else, was responsible for the destruction of the monarchy. The Hapsburg empire was the only country which carried on the War despite the political aspirations of the majority and which required the greatest sacrifices on the part of those masses whose national and cultural strivings it had counteracted.

The death of Emperor Franz Joseph marked, in Professor Redlich's opinion, the beginning of the second period of the monarchy's war-time polity. The so-called "military

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Socialism" of the food rationing broke down completely, thereby adding new confusion and new material for despair to the general dissatisfaction. The young emperor, too, perceived the signs of the changing times. Yielding to an ever-growing pressure, the Austrian parliament, dead for three years, was reconvened in May, 1917. This was, at the same time, intended as a rapprochement to the Wilsonian principles. Unfortunately for the dynasty, these efforts proved to be belated. Instead of their usual wranglings and the declaration of the theoretical rights to self-determination, the non-German nations of the monarchy announced their claim to national independence. They rejected every compromise and with ominous lucidity they made further steps dependent upon the victory of the Allied powers.

During this time official Austria seemed to be paralyzed. The court camarilla entrusted the government to a third-rate state employe, Doctor Seidler, who had not the least idea of the existence of the most burning problems. The young emperor was perhaps the only one who sized up the situation in its gravest implications and who tried the application of a new cure: he declared an amnesty in June, 1917. The military opposed this move in which they perceived the sign of weakness and hesitation.

But it was late. The "maffia" had organized itself as a body of émigrés and became the most potent agency of the propaganda of the Allies. No counter-propaganda or constructive proposal was forthcoming from the responsible statesmen of the monarchy.

In October, 1918, when the front of the Central Powers had been thrown back, Emperor Charles issued a manifesto calling upon the nations of the monarchy to exercise their right of self-determination. Perhaps this gesture would have accomplished its purpose a year ago. In October, 1918, however, it came as the death knell of the dual monarchy. The manifesto legalized and gave the stamp of official approval to the decomposition of the monarchy. As Professor Redlich puts it, the imperial word gave permission to the state officials and the opponents of the revolutionary tendencies to abjure their allegiance to the emperor and enabled the old-time Austrian bureaucracy to participate in the revolutionary acts which were now to follow. The officials did not need to have scruples about aiding in the construction of new national entities. The emperor's word, though it had not been powerful enough to preserve the old order of things, was sufficiently authoritative to prevent superfluous conflicts and to enable the smooth working out of the legal aspects of the problem. Strange as it may sound, the new national states made their first steps under the ægis and with the support of the ex-emperor.

Professor Redlich's book, while it is admirable both for the new concept of the problem it gives and for the concise presentation of what he believes to be the causes of the ruin of the Hapsburg empire, contains a few statements with which I am unable to concur. Thus, Professor Redlich states that, owing to its soi-disant constitutionalism Hungary had to play an easier rôle during the War than its Austrian neighbor. The author seems to forget that this advantage was felt mainly by the Hungarian feudal lords and the plutocracy while, undeniably, Hungary's blood sacrifice was greater than that of any other component part of the monarchy. Ultimately it was the Hungarian people which paid for the short-sighted handling of the problem of nationalities, both during and after the War.

OSCAR JÁSZI.

Emanuel Carnevali

A Hurried Man, by Emanuel Carnevali. Paris: Contact Editions, Three Mountains Press. 268 pages. $3.

AN artist, as this generation understands the word, is one whose highly sensitized consciousness receives and registers infinite vibrations that are missed by his fellows. He is the charged atom among the myriad sluggish atoms that adhere to the central mass, and his radius is continually extending itself. He must brace himself to meet the shock of the successive live-waves, each of which leaves in him some fraction of its dark deposit. Such a one should have back of him the unworn nerves and clean, sweet blood of generations of peasants. For how shall he open himself to life without becoming a carrier of the leprosies of his generation, whose agonies he must suffer through his own? Tolstoy suffered so and Dostoyevsky and Christ—who must surely have felt through the holes in his two feet the ache of all the hurt feet on the earth. The artist must throw down all defenses, even before terror and pain—in which beauty is implicit as is fruit in the black seed. If you are an artist, and heart-bold, even though your body be a poor thing, you will go forward to your destruction and no one shall dare to stop you. But if it is your soul that flinches then turn your face from life, to which nothing may be given and nothing taken away. If you wilfully leave out one of the parts of its whole, you will create a nothingness—the violation that only man can perpetrate and by which he becomes the thing that he creates.

There are two ways of escape: The one is to make a lighthouse of your mind, and seclude yourself with its flame that is light without heat—and in the end this way is almost as sad as the first. The other is by fantasy, that moon-washed dream, where the perfect moment is suspended and held forever motionless. There harsh outlines are lost in a tender and rosy opacity in which life, sorry, perhaps, for her nameless cruelties, envelops her tormented children. There went Walter de la Mare—though he is a man remembering sorrow, so that it sits heavy on his dream—and Robert Nathan, who entered as into his own front door, and Elinor Wylie—who, finding none of its tiny houses large enough, built a jeweled palace to her liking. It is a common playground that has been trampled by the feet of strange playfellows—"transients" of a night, who stumbled in and out again. Kreymborg, before the child in him lost its buoyancy, sailed there light as a balloon. There even Bodenheim's face lost its sneer and, heavy man though he is, he walked delicately and without tearing the gossamer curtains. Even Evelyn Scott, lonely walker with her feet heavy on the earth, trailed her portentous shadow across its luminous and pale shadow that is the mask of light. But she walked with her eyes wide open, as Strindberg did before her; and the one law of this retreat, where life, sleep-walking, leads you — blindfold, bound, but lightly as by a daisy-chain — is that you must not wake.

It is the Eden that Adam made up and pretended he remembered. Ever since, men have looked at it with desirous eyes. Only the runners and the fire-carriers throw it a waste glance and rush on. This is fortunate; it would burn up like a cobweb in their cruel light.

I turn to Carnevali and find this: "But the time for fairy queens was shut in the graves of books, so the man smiled pleasantly."

Emanuel Carnevali, born in Florence in 1898, at six-

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teen was a runaway, yet running, writes Dorothy Dudley in her understanding preface. They are a lonely race, these runners, who always seem to happen one at a time and so have to run companionless. This is hard on them, for they crave companionship. Arrogant beings that they are, they see no subtle affront to their own powers implied in a gaining nose that, if they like the cut of it, they will hail with a joyous welcome. But they who run before the wind, starting little fires, make hazardous company. These fires burn for a long time—as Rimbaud's is still burning. Yet they rarely tend them long enough to achieve conflagrations. Perhaps because a bough catches in their hair, as it did in Absalom's, or perhaps only because they want to keep on running. You might suppose them to be the descendants of the foxes that Samson set alight and sent among the Philistine's corn, from the way they rush as though to cast themselves into the sun, and quench in its greater light the fire that burns them.

The words of Carnevali are the words of such a man, running hard. . . . It is a little difficult to "review" a book of such—to criticize and evaluate judicially—when I feel as though I were staring through an open wound at a man's heart, red and throbbing and with blackened places. A great heart and unafraid, defenseless and beautiful. Its truth is a torrent. Nothing is withheld or covered. Only drying streams can be turned aside. Carnevali knows this: Men defend themselves, hide, protect themselves, lie—all things of the ebb. Art, he says again, is the happy acknowledgment of sensation.

The early Tales are fresh-torn openings in life. No energy has been wasted on inventing a "style." Consequently, the manner of their telling has an innocent distinction that is like the freshness of an unfingered flower. The study of Melany Piano is the most sustained and powerful. Carnevali could have been little more than a boy when it was written. But he must have carried her image long and tenderly to have so saturated it with his own colors. Yet he has not deflected its contours nor blurred them with his own.

The Book of Job Junior is the crying of a man in high temperature, a man in whose wracked flesh all the distempers of a sick age are working. Naked, Carnevali has clasped life, and naked she has left him, as she leaves all her dearest ones.

His poems form about a third of the book. While reading them I felt for the first time what it is that differentiates poetry from prose—which in Carnevali's case contains some of his finest poetry. It seems to be a definite change in the nature of the motion. In the expressions, which I recognize as poetry, this motion, while it seems to have increased in speed, also seems no longer volitional. Image an amazement in which one is awed to silence, until silence itself, bursting out of the stretched heart, becomes a cry. (Is it some obscure knowledge of this that makes people, three or four or a dozen people together, so terrified of silence—fearing the song in them as they fear the unknown?) Or image a wheel turning with high velocity, and one held, as though by a strong suction, magnetized, forehead to the rim, and whirled along with it: this is the mood of poetry. In Carnevali's poetry I find no curves. It is flung out taut. He whirls and his world whirls with him. He is an acute angle, implicit in its whirling circle.

His work shows few influences: Rimbaud, traces of Papini. He has few blood-brothers. I find something of his spirit, that spirit to which concealment is impossible, in the poems of Leon Serabian Herald. The young Armenian's thought is paler than Carnevali's and tinctured with a patient endurance, alien to the Florentine. Yet it is a fresh and authentic voice that apes no other.

I believe there is much to criticize in A Hurried Man. Carnevali is often vituperative, hateful, rude. But he has much love. His love swings outward, lashing cruelly, like a withe in a child's hand. (His hate is only the intensity of this lonesome love. He is one of those unhappy ones who demand that the beloved shall fill the contours of its image that lives in them, and that is its enduring rival.) He is often disorderly in both thought and expression. There is chaos in him who is being whirled in chaos. He has never practiced the leisurely art of revision. He has not had time, this rushing man, now halted in a hospital in Bazzano. A bough caught in his hair . . . when it releases him be prepared to accept — or, with whatever resistance is in you, to reject — a new great force in this century. He is one of the runners, sun chasers—if Jeannette Marks will forgive me for stealing her golden image—who, born into the night, refuse to foregather with the darkness, but chase forever the arc of light.

LOLA RIDGE.

Far Phantasies

Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles, by Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company. 279 pages. $2.25.

THE latest collection of Hardy's poems is published under the beautiful, evocative, and Hardy-esque title, Human Shows, Far Phantasies, Songs and Trifles. Although a few poems bear recent dates, many belong to past periods. None reveals a Hardy other than the one we know: unpretentious, sensitive, too conscious of the world's maladjustments, visited by the ghosts of dead tragedies, and haunted by the vision of an ultimate Ideal. No poet ever more freely put into form more resistant his wry utterances. There is no veil between Hardy and the page he adorns with a poem. His thoughts flow as water, but freeze into new and distorted shapes. Perhaps it is because his verse-forms are so uneasy that they seem so palpitant; plastic, like sculpture: self-contained. Poems which embody an idea, not embellish it. Discouragement, one of the last poems in the book, treats the same theme and clearly belongs to the same mood that wrote, years ago, another most wonderful of sonnets, When Wilt Thou Wake, O Mother, Wake and See. . . . In On Martock Moor and Plena Timoris there are meetings of life-like phantoms and wraith-like humans. A sense of the horror of the consciousness of death taints a lyric called Freed the Fret of Thinking:

. . . . . .
Light of lot were we
. . . . . .
Freed the fret of thinking
On mortality!

A sense of the beauty of the release of death appears in Why Do I? and again in When Dead:

This fleeting life-brief blight
Will have gone past
When I resume my old and right
Place in the Vast.

HELEN GOODSPEED.

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Mother Jones Herself

Autobiography of Mother Jones, edited by Mary Field Parton. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Company. 242 pages. $1.50.

WHEN Mother Jones wrote the story of her life, many of us thought the history of the coal miners' union would be dramatically recorded by one who shared in it from the beginning; but her autobiography, appearing in her ninety-fifth year and edited by Mary Field Parton, represents only a collection of Mother's best stories, stories often related in Mother's convention speeches. Little of the actual achievements of the miners' union is revealed in this narrative that deals mainly with West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Colorado, but as an enlivening account of Mother's most dramatic experiences, the book is well worth reading. With the bleak hillsides with their black pits and wretched hovels as the setting, with hungry, desperate miners in the background, we see Mother marching across the scene in knightly defense of a downtrodden people, braving machine guns and murderers, defying courts and governors, wading a creek to hold a union meeting, slipping messages through prison floors, hiding strikers in the pits to rout the scabs, bandaging strikers' broken heads with strips torn from her petticoat, leading mop-and-broom brigades of miners' wives, lifting up the hearts of the defeated with her stirring battle cry, "The strike is not lost until your souls are lost!"

In covering half a century of the labor movement, Mother Jones tells little of other national figures of her time. Debs appears on one occasion, the Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone case is recited, the names of Siney, Powderly and other lesser lights are recalled as "pioneers worthy of our memory." John Mitchell she scathingly denounces, yet the case she makes against his leadership could be made against all labor leaders who accept compromise and occasional defeat as inevitable in the building of a national union. Indeed, in her closing chapter she appears reconciled to this philosophy—"strikes are fewer, both employer and employe have learned the value of compromise, reason is better than angry words and bricks and bullets, strikes are costly, as the railroad brotherhoods have wisely learned." And yet an uneventful strike such as the anthracite contest, with its success depending upon the endurance of well disciplined strikers and the clear-headedness of their leaders in the conference room, would have little appeal for Mother Jones. Those labor leaders pictured as "sitting on velvet chairs, wining and dining with the aristocracy, having trips to Europe," might well include some of Mother's most favorite sons, but fortunately for them, they have ever humored Mother, catered to her comfort, smiled at her inconsistencies, and above all, accorded her the place and glory that she loves. Progressives were amazed when during the LaFollette campaign she was photographed with the Coolidges — her friends merely remarked, "There is no telling what Mother will do."

In relation to her own sex she has been most puzzling. Miners' wives marching with Mother in command—they were crusaders! Women wage-earners themselves the leaders in the march for political and industrial injustice—career-seekers! Though her own career did not begin until tragedy had blighted her married life, it is hard to imagine Mother Jones under any circumstances remaining through these many years within the four walls of a home—she herself was not married until thirty-one and before her

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marriage had been both a professional and business woman. For all her boisterous tirades against women who were "too ladylike," for all her reckless adventures, her easy profanity, her fondness for a nip or two, no dignified, gray-haired matron of the bourgeois could be more feminine, more painstaking in her toilet or more gentle in her sympathies.

Erratic, contradictory, domineering, scornful, yet she contributed to the cause of labor gifts most unusual. Her dramatic instinct, her daring and devotion made her the most picturesque figure in the American labor movement. She showed the genius of a Belasco in staging drama and in the leading rôle she was equal to a Bernhardt. She has seen to it that her burial will be in keeping with her whole dramatic career. She will be laid to rest in the miners' cemetery at Mt. Olive, Illinois, near the "martyrs of Virden" and near old "General" Bradley, a kindred unruly soul. The annual pilgrimages of the miners to this spot will take on a new ardor when they march to pay homage to the memory of Mother Jones.

EDWARD A. WIECK.

Gifts of Sheba, by W. L. George. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

DIABOLICALLY clever is Mr. George; as diabolic and as clever as Angus Hallam, the immutable cynic in Gifts of Sheba. W. L. George plays with his people as Hallam plays with his brood of pet mice: makes them fight, mate, breed and fight again, watching the while.

Isabel, the woman in question, a middle-class pretty English typist, marries the ward of Angus Hallam, Hugh, most masculine of males. They both want to rule, so divorce ensues after a year of lust, wrangling and a miscarriage. She marries charming Peter, who proves to be foolish, weak, more feminine than she. After a luke-warm year and a whole baby, Peter is run over by a bus and dies. Both men loved her, in the jargon of Mr. George, both made her suffer, both helped to change her from a sociological girl to a living woman. And finally she drifts into the indifferent arms of Hallam, that philosophic woman-taster; who remarks over her surrendered head, "The only men who can live with modern women are those who don't care a damn for them." Which, like all George generalizations, strikes one dumb with admiration at the first glance, and dumb with realization of its fundamental falsehood at the second.

So that, in those who demand of a book more than sheer brilliance of writing and observation, the overwhelming sensual cynicism of Gifts of Sheba will give rise to amusement darkening into faint disgust. M. M.

Contributors

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LOLA RIDGE is a poet and critic. Her latest book of poems, Fire Head, will appear this spring.

EDWARD A. WIECK, an Illinois coal miner, contributes occasional articles on the industry to the magazines.

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